JOHN BULL, week ending APRIL 25, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1871

3D EVERY THURSDAY

DEMOCRACY UNDER THE KNIFE by The Editor

HOME GUARDS ALWAYS GET THEIR MAN

TOJO is SCARING HITLER By A.G.G.

KEEP SMILING

Guinness
is GOOD for you

G.E.1062.B

THIS WEEK'S

FOOD FACTS

Out-of-doors the buds are bursting and the birds are singing, but maybe you and the family don't feel so gay. Are you listless and a little out of sorts? Spring Fever is the trouble, but you'll get over it if you pay special attention to your diet for the next few weeks. Don't give your family heavy, starchy meals just now. Plan dishes of blood-cleansing vegetables, raw and cooked, containing Vitamin C, a valuable tonic. Here are some recipes you might like to greet the spring with:

POTATO AND WATERCRESS SOUP

Time: Preparation 10 mins. Cooking 30 mins. *Ingredients:* 1 lb. potatoes, 2 bunches watercress, 1 pint vegetable stock, 1 pint 'household' milk, pepper, salt, 1 teaspoonful margarine. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Wash and peel potatoes and chop in small pieces. Cook potatoes in stock till soft, mash against side of pan with wooden spoon, add margarine, milk mixture and seasoning. Reheat and just before serving add chopped watercress.

TURNIP TOP SALAD

Time: 15 mins. *Ingredients:* 4 oz. turnip tops, 4 oz. white cabbage heart, 2 oz. beetroot, 2 oz. carrot. Watercress for garnishing. Salad dressing. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Grate or shred all the vegetables separately and arrange attractively on a large dish. Sprinkle with salad dressing and decorate with watercress. Make the salad dressing by adding vinegar, a little mustard, pepper and salt to a white-sauce.

SCALLOPED VEGETABLES WITH BACON

Time: Preparation 10 mins. Cooking 30 mins. *Ingredients:* ½ cabbage, 3 or 4 carrots, 1 leek, 4 potatoes or any other vegetable, 2 tablespoonfuls national flour or 1 tablespoonful fine oatmeal, 2 or 3 slices of bacon, browned breadcrumbs. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Cook vegetables in a pint of water in a closely covered pan. Make thin white-sauce with margarine, flour and vegetable water. Arrange vegetables in a fireproof dish, pour sauce over, lay bacon on top, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and crisp under grill.

Making milk . . .

To make a pint of 'household' milk put a pint of lukewarm water in a quart jug, measure 4 level tablespoonfuls of the powder and sprinkle it — a little at a time — on top of the water, while beating briskly with an egg whisk, fork or wooden spoon. It takes a little time and patience, but it is worth it. 'Household' milk mixture makes excellent white coffee and can be used in place of fresh milk in tea. Try it next time you are short and the unInvited guest drops in.

Save Our Soap

Measure *soap flakes* and *soap powder* with a spoon. Don't pour it recklessly from the packet.

Stack the dirty dishes on the draining board after each meal and only wash up once a day. This saves both *soap* and *fuel*.

It's a good plan to stick the last sliver of soap on to the new cake. Always keep the soap dry, stand it on a soap-mat or on a strainer. Wet the hands and then handle the soap. Never put the soap in the water. Don't hold the soap under a running tap. For washing very dirty hands mix 2 tablespoonfuls of soap jelly (made from ends of soap and boiling water), 2 tablespoonfuls finely powdered pumice and a small piece of whitening. Add three or four tablespoonfuls of water and boil. Use as necessary.

Don't curse it, Nurse it!

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1 FOOD FACTS No. 91

What do I do . . .

to go "all out" for victory?

I SAVE everything I can for my local salvage campaign — paper, metal, bones, food scraps.

I SAVE gas, electricity, coal, paraffin and water.

I SAVE money wherever possible and put it into War Savings.

I SPEND every ounce of energy and every minute I can spare in War-winning work. I help local voluntary organisations and if I can, I dig for victory.

I KNOW that everyone, including *myself*, can do *something*.

Cut this out — and keep it!

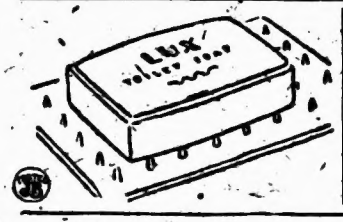
Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

Your Lux Toilet Soap can be made to last twice as long

For one coupon you can get a tablet of Lux Toilet Soap, the beauty soap that is used by nine out of ten Hollywood film stars. And, with a very little effort, you can make that beauty soap last twice as long.

You see, the lather made by Lux Toilet Soap is so rich and abundant that with one simple twist of the tablet you get enough lather — even in hard water — to soap your hands and arms. And that lather lasts longer — doesn't dry up and disappear.



To make your Lux Toilet Soap last longer still, always keep it as dry as you can. Never let it lie about in the bath or in a watery dish. A little rubber mat is the best thing to keep it on, or a wire soap dish will do.

LUX TOILET SOAP

3-OZ. TABLET (3½d.) FOR ONE COUPON

Weight nett when manufactured *Price includes Purchase Tax*

THE BEAUTY SOAP OF THE FILM STARS

XL 1263-9 A LEVER PRODUCT

I find PHOSFERINE a great stand-by

in my very numerous duties —says Mrs. J. R.

"I have been taking Phosferine, and everyone remarks on the change in me. I had a severe breakdown, turning into neurasthenia. Since then I have taken one tonic after another, but I can honestly say that none did me the good Phosferine has done. I find it a great stand-by in my numerous duties."

When you need a tonic to buck you up take Phosferine. It will make you stronger to meet all difficulties, and take the work as it comes, without worry. Your chemist stocks it.

PHOSFERINE

Tablets or Liquid, 1/6 (No. 1 size) and 3/3 (No. 2 size), (including Purchase Tax).

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/3 size is nearly four times the 1/4 size; you save 2/-.

GIVE YOUR FAMILY THE MEAL-TIME DRINK THAT IS A FOOD AS WELL

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. It has a delicious, tempting, chocolatey flavour. Ask your grocer for Rowntree's Cocoa and make it your regular meal-time drink.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA — makes every meal go further

Prices: quarter-lb. 4d. half-lb. 8d.

Sorry Madam!
Rationing of materials enforces a shortage. We try to distribute what we CAN get so keep going till YOUR present stock arrives
HARLEQUIN SPONGE PUDDINGS

H. SAMUEL
THE EMPIRE'S LARGEST JEWELLER
21/- net.
for wartime brides—the H. Samuel VICTORY "Lucky" Wedding Ring in Solid Gold, British Government hallmarked.
Headquarters
MARKET ST. MANCHESTER

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 25, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

Straight from the Shoulder

STRIKE TO WIN

NO longer need we fight with our backs to the wall. No longer need the United Nations await the enemy's blows on battlefields of his own choice.

We have become strong. Our power grows daily.

Now **we should use our strength. Use it to hit hard when and where *we* choose!**

Opportunity Knocks

The British public cries aloud for action. So does the American public. So do our friends in the occupied countries.

Action there must be. Not in 1944. Not next year.

1942 is the year of opportunity to shorten the war.

Co-ordinate

First preliminary to action is co-ordination.

The three Fighting Forces—on land, on sea, in the air—must think together, plan together, move into battle together, as one unit.

We must have a combined General Staff.

No Substitute

Daily meetings of the Chiefs of Staff are not enough.

Each of these three busy men has to think of his own Service. He cannot devote all day to problems of three Services.

A combined General Staff would do more than achieve co-operation between the three. It would secure complete co-ordination.

Strategy

Next, there must be co-ordination in strategy as in tactics.

So far, the United Nations have spread their efforts too widely. They have dispersed their forces along the World Front.

Hit and Succeed!

But we cannot fight everywhere. We cannot defend everywhere.

Instead, we must choose those sectors that offer the best opportunities. On them we must focus our strength.

On them we must fight like fury with overwhelming forces. So shall we be sure of success!

Lord Hankey Speaks Out

That demand, familiar to our readers, receives Lord Hankey's support.

His knowledge of world strategy is unrivalled. His measured words cannot be dismissed as the carkings of an armchair critic. They will be heeded by the Cabinet.

Too Many, Too Few

He insists that we have undertaken too many forlorn hopes. He says we have devoted to them too many and too few battleships.

"Too many, because they formed a larger proportion of our capital strength than we could afford to risk.

"Too few, because they had very little chance of achieving superiority at the point of contact."

Superiority

No longer must we risk big battleships without fighter aircraft. No longer send troops to battle without air cover.

Not now do we need to wait and see what the enemy is going to do; no more must we waste our resources by spreading them out to counter his plans.

By hard thought we can out-guess and out-plan the Axis. By exerting our full strength at a chosen spot we can snap the Axis.

Hitler Guesses

Now we have got Hitler guessing.

He would give a king's ransom to know what Gen. Marshall discussed with Mr. Churchill.

He wonders anxiously where, along all the vast coastline of Europe, we shall strike.

Will it be France? Will it be Norway? Or Finland? Or Belgium?

Spring Fever

He sends his best general, Von Rundstedt, to France. Not to prepare an invasion of Britain. But to repel a British invasion.

Feverishly he overhauls Norway's defences. In Rome, his jackals whine their fear of a British attack on Italy.

Things to Come

We can keep the Japanese on tenterhooks no less sharp.

The air raids on the Philippines, Tokyo and other Jap cities were but a hint of things to come. China—free China—has air bases only 650 miles from Japanese naval strongholds.

Growing Wings

Britain now sends up to 600 fighters and bombers over Occupied France in daylight. The time will come when the United Nations can begin an equally fierce assault on Japan.

Meanwhile, by concentrating our available strength we can defeat Japan's paramount aim—to strike at India and thus sever the lifeline of our magnificent ally China.

Enough of It!

There, as in the West, we must show the offensive spirit.

Once we waited expectantly for Hitler's speeches. We do so no longer.

Why then should we wait expectantly for the enemy's actions?

Gone Awry

Now is our chance to take the initiative.

Hitler's plans are awry. His offensive against Russia is delayed. His offensive in the Middle East is postponed. He fails to smash Malta. He faces a rising tide of hatred throughout Europe.

New Plans

So he is forced to change his plans. He sends his Spanish expert, General Faupel, to West Africa.

Wherever Faupel goes, trouble ensues.

No doubt the intention is to assail our shipping in the South Atlantic. No doubt there is a scheme to gain the French fleet to assail our uneasy hold on the Mediterranean.

Laval Returns

But it may not be a bad thing for the people of France to have as Hitler's puppets such professional traitors as Laval and his gang.

There can now be no illusion that Vichy is working for democracy and the salvation of France.

Now, at last, all true democrats in France must realise the facts.

Plan and Attack

We, too, must be realistic.

We need not wait to be assailed. We can wreck the enemy's hopes by diverting his attention to battlefields where we can fight to best advantage.

Let us plan skilfully. Let us work upon those plans until they are perfected. Keep the enemy guessing; keep him worried—and then strike with the utmost strength and determination!

Men and Materials

For this great end, we must harness our resources.

Economise in labour! Every man, every woman, must be found the work for which they are best fitted. And it must be full-time work!

Economies in material! The Budget, though good, will not reduce consumption to the necessary minimum. There must be more rationing, more limitation of supplies.

Shipping space is more vital than tax revenue.

Road to Success

By buying less, we shall have more money to save and lend. Ignore the fools who whisper that treasonable advice to spend your spare money now lest it become worthless after the war.

If Britain stands, your money will stand. Lend to Britain now and the money will help Britain to stand triumphant!

The hour has come to take the first step towards triumph.

WE MUST BEGIN THE ATTACK.

(Continued overleaf)

NEW ARMY WE DON'T WANT

● **Despite official promises, the great paper-chase continues.**

A new black-coated army has been recruited to deal with the mountains of official forms that industry is forced to shoulder.

Suppose you want to buy an iron stewing-pot for your factory canteen. This is what you must do:

Send the order to your suppliers, who will tell you how much iron is required.

Write to H.M. Inspector of Factories for forms 1991A. These you complete in duplicate, stating the weight of iron needed, and get them signed by a director or secretary of the company.

Return the forms to the inspector for endorsement.

In due course, you get them back. One must be given to the suppliers, who will forward it to a certain Department of the Board of Trade. The other copy you forward to another Department of the same Ministry.

If your application is successful, you will be notified after a few weeks.

Send the notification to your suppliers and tell them to obtain form B.T.2 (IS/SI).

When that is dealt with, they will receive form M for replacement of the metal for the pot if they quote the Steel Equipment number.

And, after several more weeks, you should receive the stew-pot!

That's all. But it's typical of the millions of unnecessary paper-chases that take place every week.

ONE STEP FORWARD

● **Do you know that some mine workers toil on night shift from 9.30 p.m. to 6 the next morning?** That on day shift they are engaged from 6 a.m. till 10 p.m.?

Such facts are a useful corrective to the bleat of the foolish that "miners are going slow."

Certainly their production can be stepped up. Better management, improved methods of coal-getting, more economic working of rich seams will secure greater output.

The Government's proposals for a Coal Board follows the suggestion outlined some months ago in these columns.

The scheme will not and must not be the last word. It should be no more than a war time instalment of larger reforms that must come with peace.

It was in 1919 that Mr. Justice Sankey recommended that "the principle of State Ownership of the Coal Mines be accepted."

It must be accepted before 1949. Meanwhile, the new scheme should be an encouragement to even greater efforts by the miners, who have had no reason to trust private ownership, but whose war production has been far more commendable than ignorant critics have suggested.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

NOTHING to do!

That was how we recently described the position of American volunteers brought here last year to help Britain with radiolocation and other specialist jobs.

We can now report that some were given work a few weeks ago. And what work!

Joy Riding

They were collected by lorry at 11 each morning for a sixty-mile trip to an airfield. At 12.30 they were taken off to lunch, and at 4 p.m. the lorry took them back to billets for the day.

Short Spell

One marine engineer tells us: "On five days we did no more than three hours' work. Most of it could have been done by a boy at school.

"On the sixth day, the job closed down. Since then we have been doing nothing again."

Passing the Time

A skilled technician spent three days making an ashtray and pipe-rack from aluminium 'plane parts for a local officer.

He didn't mind filling up the time. But he didn't think it worth while crossing the Atlantic for a job of that sort.

Quite so. If Britain cannot use the services of the American Civilian Technical Corps, why not let the men go back home to serve their own country?

Turned Back

They must marvel at some British methods. So does JOHN BULL; so does an Essex haulage contractor who sent a lorry to a London wharf for seed potatoes.

First, 36 cwt. of the potatoes had to be left behind because knocking-off time was reached before the loading was completed.

So, later in the week, the lorry had again to be sent from Essex for the remainder and an extra eight tons.

Certainly Not!

It waited from 10.30 a.m. At 5 p.m. it again had to leave without a full load.

The lorry men offered to load the remaining 10 cwt. on the wharf, but were refused permission because that would take work away from the next morning's shift.

Food for Thought

It may be that there are too many potatoes for disposal.

We have already told you how 70 tons of them were despatched for cattle food from a Wiltshire station.

An authoritative reader assures us that at a County Durham station some 300 to 400 tons are being railed for the same purpose.

Stock or Surplus?

Such incidents do not tally with official policy—nor with the facts.

And the facts are that we need to reserve every scrap of food that can be saved. So an official explanation of what constitutes "cattle food" should be given to a perplexed public.

Lost Days

Stupidity still holds up arms production.

A petty argument, which had nothing to do with his work, resulted in a key aircraft worker being suspended for three days.

Grounded

During his absence, a telegram arrived at the office for him. As he alone could deal with its message, it had to wait until he returned to work.

It stated that a 'plane was grounded at a certain aerodrome and needed a spare part until it could take off.

So it was out of action for three days longer than was necessary!

Paid to Idle

At another aircraft factory, absenteeism on Sundays is naturally considered a grave offence. Yet the workers are idle one or more days during the week.

One girl has drawn fourteen days' pay for a half-day's work.

It's no consolation that most factories are on full time. Those on short time are helping Hitler.

Waiting for Orders

Official attention should also be given to the plight of a reader who owns a joinery works with machinery costing thousands of pounds, has spent £2,000 of his savings to keep going, yet cannot obtain war orders!

Cars for Lunch

Not only private motorists, but transport companies should have their petrol rations cut.

So we think after hearing of 'bus managers who can go home to lunch by car—though their own 'bus services pass their doors—and an electricity concern whose eight vans and two cars are used to take office girls to lunch and officials' children to school.

Derby Brights

Which reminds us that four high-powered cars recently waited an hour outside the office of Derby's town clerk—to take members of the health committee to the City Hospital.

The hospital is well served by trolley-buses.

Food Fakes

There's something strange about the prosecutions of food fakers. It's just this:

Makers of food substitutes are supposed to be licensed by Whitehall.

So the public should be told how many licences have been granted, and how many have been in respect of articles described as "worthless" in court.

Too Old at Forty-five!

Outside an office in London last week was a queue of Army officers—the "over forty-fives" who are being sent back to civilian life.

How long will it be before they are interviewed for jobs? Will they be told they are too old even for civilian work in a total war?

JOHN BULL will not wait long for the answers.

Hustle!

We see no reason for their being even a week without jobs. They are experienced in the handling of men; there is a shortage of staff managers in industry.

So demand and supply can be made to match. And men who have made great sacrifices for their country can be spared anxiety and bitterness.

In Reserve

Actually, there is something of a shortage of officers in the Army just now—mainly because selection and training is a lengthy, rather slow, business.

The shortage will be acute if large-scale fighting starts and casualties mount.

Why not use the lull to comb the ranks for likely men, train them for a month in the rudiments of leadership and administration, and thus build up an officers' reserve within the Army?

Housemaids' Drill

On the whole, the War Office has reduced spit-and-polish to a reasonable limit. Only a few officers now lead their men a crazy housemaids' dance.

No doubt the War Office will be interested to receive details from us of a company that is not only ordered to polish the underside of boots, but even to *clean the coal bins.*

Pen Pals

The authorities are also anxious to discourage "pen pal" correspondence with our Servicemen who are in enemy hands.

That may seem hard on lonely prisoners-of-war. But the decision is wise because such correspondence imposes strain on the postal service and delays the letters from relatives and personal friends.

Thrice Torpedoed

A young seaman was torpedoed for the third time. With some other lads, he reached Portuguese W. Africa, went on to Cape Town where they received light clothing, and returned to Britain in bitter weather.

They asked at the Cape if money for the clothes would be deducted from their pay for loss of effects, and were assured that it would not.

The British Board of Trade decided otherwise. They received £5 for loss of effects; £8 had been kept back for the clothes.

Be Generous!

The mother of the thrice-torpedoed boy sends us the list of clothes he had to buy before he could return to sea. It amounts to £18 8s. 3d.

JOHN BULL asks the Board of Trade to be as generous in its treatment of shipwrecked seamen as the public would wish.

No Compensation

Nor is there much generosity in the case of a Dutchman who came to Britain in 1923 and was nursery-farming in Kent when war broke out.

He was asked to grow more food. To this end he destroyed many shrubs and trees—without compensation, of course.

When the invasion scare swept Britain, he was ordered to leave the district within three days. His large crop went to rot—again without compensation.

Still Waiting!

At that time he was a member of the Observer Corps. He is liable to military service. Yet, though he applied for permission to return to his farm last September and was interviewed last December, he is still waiting for a decision.

No doubt he'll wait for ever for compensation!

Tied to Home

Nurseries of a different kind are demanded by another reader. She writes from Colchester to say she is young, aching to help in the war, but cannot find anyone to mind her baby—and there is no official nursery in the town.

"We are told each day of the wonderful way the Russian women are working," she writes. "We in Britain aren't given the chance."

Good for Scrap

Here's waste, not of labour, but of materials: From machines in big railway stations or chain stores you can still get metal plates bearing your name.

And that metal is aluminium, so necessary for aircraft production!

The Ministry of Supply should ask who supplies non-essential firms with essential metals.

Behind the News

- **All German farmers are ordered to sow land with oil-bearing plants against the extreme shortage of fats and lubricants expected later in the year.**
- *Private letters from W. and N.W. Germany must be left unsealed before posting, and it is an offence to discuss details of R.A.F. damage.*
- Machine-guns were used in three recent mutinies among foreign workers in Germany—two because of food shortage, one over forced labour in R.A.F. target areas to relieve German workers.
- **Five thousand Italian civilians in Abyssinia and Eritrea have appealed for internment rather than be sent home to Italy. Appeal refused.**
- *Trouble in Rommel's H.Q. grows because of Luftwaffe chief Kesselring's allegation that Italian airmen are fight-shy.*
- Damage inflicted on *Luftwaffe* by Malta defence has been far greater than claimed. Nazi pilots are now paid double danger bonuses to encourage them to face it.
- **Nazi plan for occupied Russia faces failure: peasants refuse to handle German money or documents.**
- *Thousands of Gestapo agents are being posted to German factories in Germany to check tide of unrest.*
- Japanese airmen, in Germany to learn *Luftwaffe* tricks, insist they know more about air war than the Nazis.
- **But Nazis are calling in Japanese diplomats in Europe to help them out. Papen's prestige is so low that most of his diplomatic cards must now be played by Kurukawa, his Jap colleague in Turkey!**
- *Abetz, Hitler's envoy in Paris, and Stuelpnagel, Nazi military commander of France, are fighting for control of German-French affairs: each wants to be the real "Nazi Gauleiter" of a Nazified France.*

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

DEMOCRACY under the KNIFE

SLOGANS, even the best of them, can become dangerous enemies to clear thinking.

Again and again we have been told that we are fighting for "the preservation of democracy," and, though this is true in essence, the phrase can easily mask a lie.

For it all depends upon what we mean by "democracy." If we mean by it—or if we are willing to LET it mean—a return to the planless, cruelly unequal social system of pre-war days, then democracy is not worth the saving.

British and American leaders have declared repeatedly that they do *not* wish to return to those bad old days. Many of them have latterly been putting into words the common fears and hopes of the man in the street.

For the fearful uncertainties of war, together with its startling revelations of mankind's power for good as well as evil, have set so high and obvious a value upon ultimate security and peace that all intelligent people are now asking themselves why we failed to secure these blessings more than twenty years ago.

Democracy certainly fell very sick after the last war. It needed no expert to forecast the breakdown of our old social economy. Men wrangled about the causes of the malady, and each political group recommended its own patent medicine.

But there are no prosperity pills guaranteed to work a cure in the body politic, and to-day democracy itself is a patient under the knife of war.

It is undergoing a kill-or-cure operation. If we should lose the war—and JOHN BULL is certain that we shall not—we should perish with the system of our choice. But victory itself will not insure our recovery.

That can be guaranteed only by our tremendous will to live—fully and freely and healthily. Without the deliberate exercise of that will, we shall be doomed, even after the war is won, to an enfeebled existence, which can only end in another major—and almost certainly fatal—operation.

"I have no doubt at all," says Sir William Beveridge, "that we now know how to abolish want through insecurity, and that, *if it is our wish*, we can do so when the war ends on the one condition that we have won the war."

JOHN BULL shares that faith, and asks its readers to-day to make up their minds what they wish and how far they are determined to make their wishes come true.

ALL fair-minded men and women, no matter what their social status, will agree that the permanent abolition of unemployment should be the foremost of our post-war desires.

Letters reaching us from civilians and soldiers alike constantly stress this deep-seated national aspiration, but often, unfortunately, they also express doubt and anxiety lest it should remain a pious hope and nothing more.

"I don't worry about myself," writes a veteran of the last war now doing factory work, "but I am concerned about what is going to happen to the men in the Forces, some of them round about forty, and others, like my own boy in the R.A.F., in their early twenties. Will there be decent jobs for all of them after this show's over? *That's* what I want to know."

And that is what everybody wants to know. They want to make sure that there will be no more "forgotten men" either among the demobilised troops or among the millions of workers whose present full employment was only secured by the clamant necessities of war production.

President Roosevelt summed up this basic preoccupation in the minds of all free peoples when he named in the Atlantic Charter freedom from want and freedom from fear as two of the four freedoms for which the United Nations are fighting.

You can have these freedoms, but, literally, it all depends on *you*. Democracy gives you the power to choose your own rulers.

For the time being that power is limited. In the present emergency and under "the Party Truce," the public is bound by duty and forced for its own preservation to support the Government in office, to work ungrudgingly, and to accept sacrifice without flinching.

Even now, however, it can make its wishes felt; even now it can exert tremendous pressure in the right direction. And when the war is won, it can—and will—get "the Government it deserves."

Several Ministers have already been talking of their post-war plans. Mr. Bevin said recently that, during the period of resettlement, there will have to be national discipline as "keen and efficient" as there is to-day.

Some of us would go farther than that; we might call for discipline keener and more efficient still—and far more equal.

But all will agree with the Minister of Labour's further statement that this resettlement period cannot be left again to "the kind of liberty which develops into license, speculation and an orgy of waste."

This is sheer common-sense. It does not follow by any means that members of the present Government will have any say in the shaping of our post-war world. *That* all depends upon them and how they use their existing opportunities to lay its foundations for us now, and so prove their ability to continue as our master-builders.

JOHN BULL is not certain whether the Premier and his colleagues are yet fully aware of the social revolution which is steadily developing in the midst of war and because of war conditions.

They have conceded some reforms. But, despite recent improvements, Servicemen and their families, old age pensioners—to quote only a few glaring examples—still need a more generous and equitable scale of allowances.

And the structure of our society—the power of money and of privilege, and of the great vested interests, which, fantastically, still include the manufacture of armaments—is not materially changed.

If we want to change it, we shall have to send to Parliament the right men to put our wishes into effect.

IT is very dangerous to hold politicians in contempt. Some are first-rate men. Others are useless "yes men" or the avowed nominees of sectional interests.

But whose fault is that? Yours and ours. We sent them to Westminster, didn't we? And, if we take our own votes seriously, we can unseat them at the next General Election and put better men in their places.

JOHN BULL warns you solemnly that out of our final victory there must emerge one of two things: either a bold and virile Government elected by the will of the people to carry out the people's will, or a timid regrouping of old Parties, paying lip-service to "freedom," but bent, in fact, upon defending privilege and leaning towards Fascism because the people has not bothered to defend its own democracy.

Sir Stafford Cripps has stirred the country less by his actual achievements than by his passionate convictions and his dispassionate resolve to serve his country for his country's sake.

We need hundreds of M.P.s like that, and we can have them if we choose. We dare not despise politicians—for that way is the short cut to Government by careerists and Fascists.

Democracy is under the knife.

It will survive the terrible operation of war, but it will not long survive the peace unless the honest politicians of all Parties and the huge majority of honest people in this land resolve at all costs to exercise their freedom for the benefit of their fellow-men.

The Grand Mogul of Circumlocution

WHEN this war is over, some great hall somewhere, in some vast War Museum, ought to be filled with samples of the leaflets, pamphlets, circulars, booklets and official forms which have come down on us like snowflakes since September, 1939.

Just to show our grandchildren's grandchildren what life was really like in the Dear Daft Days gone by.

And in one special corner of the great hall, under a golden light, should be a statue of the genius who is responsible for the snowstorm.

* * *

I wonder if the genius himself can remember how many there have been? I can't even remember the titles of a dozen of the more showy There was What to Do if the Invader Comes And All About Waste. And What to Do if Somebody's Listening. And What to Do if the Invader Comes, Version II. And Six Economical Dishes from Onions. And Why There are no Onions. And so on.

There was that famous one about a year ago: How to Apply for Your New Ration Book. I remember that one because millions of us were unable to fill it in correctly.

Just as millions of us, after Version II, were not at all clear as to what we should do if the invader came.

Just as millions of us, new to the game, are in a dense fog over our Income Tax returns.

My latest has just arrived. The genius (for I'm sure there's only one big mind at the back of the lot, Income Tax and Onions and all) wants to know my name and address—although he appears to know them already; my profession, how much I earned in the year, what my expenses were, my wife's name, and details about my insurances.

That's about all. It could be done on a postcard, with space to spare. But he sends me twelve enormous pages *weighing one ounce*, and he words it all so nattily that half an hour of my time is wasted in puzzling out what he wants to know. And then he asks me to sign it *twice*.

* * *

Make it as hazy as possible: that's the idea.

I'm certain there's just one genius behind all the official forms and leaflets. It isn't possible that two could be born in one generation. Besides, it wouldn't be fair.

A business man makes a letter as plain and short as possible, because he wants to get on to the next thing. But the genius does the other thing. Probably for the other reason.

* * *

My daughter's husband being in the Navy, my daughter now spends her days filling up forms She brought me one the other day

It said (or at any rate it meant): "This signature must be witnessed by a Lord Mayor, a magistrate, a clergyman, a parent or guardian, a person who has known you for twenty years, a person who hasn't known you for twenty years, or anybody."

"What *is* this?" my daughter asked

"You'd better ask the genius who got it up" said I.

"But who is he?"

"Ah!" said I. "There you've got me! So far as I know I've never heard his name. I don't know his face. It is never in the papers. He keeps himself dark.

"And," I added, "who shall blame him?"

WILL SCOTT.

Open Letters

Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY, M.P.,
Secretary of State for India

DEAR SIR,—The plan for India's self-government must not lapse. Cripps has laid the basis of good will; on it you must erect an enduring structure of agreement.

Why did negotiations break down? Because the Indians wanted their own War Cabinet—a real Cabinet instead of the wishy-washy extension of the Viceroy's Council that was all we offered.

Their demand should be granted. Anything less will confirm their doubts of our sincerity.

So I urge you not to haggle and not to delay. The Japanese are at India's gate; see that it is defended by a free people who will fight tenaciously to preserve their new-found freedom!—JOHN BULL.

The OFFICIAL SPOKESMAN,
Tokyo

HONOURABLE BOASTER,—I note your warning that Japan will carry the war to Washington and London, will destroy every trace of our culture, and thus enable Tokyo to dominate the world.

Did you consult Hitler before making the last statement? I have an idea that he might have some objection to becoming a mere provincial governor in a Japanese world.—JOHN BULL.

ENTERTAINMENTS MANAGER,
Colwyn Bay

DEAR SIR,—I wish you *no* success in your hunt for a carpet, expected to cost about £850, for the dance floor of the pier pavilion.

Unless the covering is found, you say, the floor will be ruined. That would be a pity, of course. It would be a greater pity if money needed to buy war materials were devoted to peace time purposes.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. R. GRENFELL, M.P.,
Minister of Mines

DEAR SIR,—You are wise to encourage Camberwell Borough Council to continue its supplies of coal to small consumers.

But how palpably unfair it is that the council has to be charged exorbitant prices for its stocks!

Allow it to buy at wholesale rates and you'll find other councils prepared to help you build up coal dumps in preparation for next winter.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT SIMON,
Lord Chancellor

MY LORD,—War or no war, justice must be done. But it has been denied in cases where, as I have reported, citizens have been knocked down by official vehicles but could not sue the Crown for damages.

Sometimes it has been asserted that the driver was not on official business at the time, so the Crown denied responsibility.

Now you have promised to appoint an independent lawyer to decide whether a driver was privately or officially employed at the time of an accident.

Sometimes a soldier-driver could not be traced because he had been moved to another station after the accident.

You promise that such information will be available in future to the aggrieved party.

These minor reforms should undoubtedly smooth the course of justice, though I hope that after the war there will be new legislation to deal with the Crown's immunity in suits for damages.—JOHN BULL.

Lieut.-General Sir RONALD ADAM,
Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—I am astonished that a high officer left behind him in an hotel bedroom plans relating to Britain's defence against invasion.

The hotel manager, who sent them on to the military, has been thanked for preventing them from getting into wrong hands, but "reproved" for entrusting them to the post.

Won't you tell me what sort of "reproof" has been administered to the officer?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. KUCH DALTON, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Though some of the Black Market sharks are being chased into rough waters, others are finding a smooth haven in the second-hand market.

Fantastic prices are demanded for every kind of second-hand goods. Money that should be diverted to the nation's needs is instead bringing enormous profits to a few.

Furniture, radio sets, farm implements, cars, electrical gadgets—nothing is too big or too homely for the racketeers to handle.

Let me give a few examples as proof of the need for your immediate intervention.

Motor vans with a book value of £5,000 have been sold for £27,000. A motor engine, priced when new at £600, is advertised for £900.

Second-hand suits have soared in value by 100 and even 200 per cent.; £12 is paid for a poor quality fur bought years ago for £5.

Used furniture fetches incredible sums.

Recently an empty house in London was hired by auctioneers, filled with poor furniture, and a sale announced.

Carpets fit for the dustbin sold at two guineas each; battered bedroom suites were knocked down at 40 guineas; a cup and saucer fetched half-a-crown.

There is a growing ramp in the sale of second-hand farm tractors and other machinery; prices have risen from £300 to £850, from £400 to £975, in a few months.

The buyers cannot always be blamed for paying such preposterous sums. New goods are not being manufactured; the second-hand trade is therefore becoming an essential part of the national business.

For that reason, and because the "excess money" involved should be helping to finance the war, you should drop your feather duster and pick up an axe.

Control second-hand prices! And control them quickly!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Lord LEATHERS,
Minister of War Transport

MY LORD,—First essential for any traffic signal is that it shall be seen—and understood.

That can't be said of our traffic lights to-day, masked as they are down to a tiny cut-out cross.

In daytime, with the sun shining, the keenest-eyed motorists can be deceived by them.

Some of our best drivers see long accident-free records disappearing. And, more important still, is the danger to life and limb.

But Slough has an idea. The mask permits a healthy-sized half-moon to show by day, a small cross invisible from the air by night.

I commend it to your notice. Sunny days are ahead. They needn't be needlessly perilous days for road users.—JOHN BULL.

War, Women, and Worry

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

A WOMAN delivered the milk at my home the other day. A woman waved my train out of the station. A woman collected my ticket at Waterloo. A woman took my fare on the bus across the bridge.

To-day the women of the United Nations are ranged alongside their men in the fight against the Axis. They are doing a fine job of work; and they're doing it with a smile and a will.

But there'll always be the 100 per cent. feminist who sees in the work of woman merely her exploitation by man. Fannie Hurst, the famous U.S. novelist, is one.

And in the present world upheaval Miss Hurst sees woman getting the worst of the deal. "Though they fight at the front," she says, "men are not nearly so disturbed by war as women. It has always been so."

As an academically-minded member of the Brains Trust might argue—it all depends on what is meant by the word "disturbed." If Miss Hurst means that war takes greater emotional toll of women than of men, she may be right.

* * *

For women are seldom able to see a clear-cut issue without confusing it with lesser issues. They will brood on lesser things and worry and worry.

Don't blame them for worrying. It is the age-long privilege of women to worry. But many of them worry before the troubles arise—even in war time.

Wives whose husbands may be called up lose their poise. They anticipate difficulties

What's going to happen about the house? What about school fees? Who's going to pay the rates? How on earth can we manage on Army allowances?

Men worry, too. But not in the same way. Those who go into the Fighting Forces suffer a much greater disturbance than their wives.

They have little money to spend, few or no luxuries. And always ahead looms the shadow of battle and the unspoken fear that they will not return to the homes they have got together.

Yet, perhaps, the man's is the easier rôle to bear. War is a brutaliser. Man becomes cynical. A devil-may-care attitude characterises his outlook. He goes into battle with a curse on his lips and, sometimes, a smile in his eyes.

* * *

The fighting man makes little reference to his family. He thinks of them—and says nothing. He knows, vaguely, that the "little woman" is up against it, but he also knows that she'll manage somehow

How she *does* manage sometimes, heaven only knows. But her home stays trim, her children clean, her person neat and tidy.

Whatever the "disturbance" of her life, whatever her economic worries, the fears that beset her, the uncertainties of the future, she remains in some ways stronger than her man, who is armed with guns and who rides in planes and tanks.

Her worries she *will* have. They are luxuries she permits herself, to be lined up with tears and other phases of her emotional make-up.

But the worries are her slaves, not her bosses. And no matter what secret fears surge in her breast she gets on with her job. That is her strength and the country's strength. Perhaps she is more disturbed by war because she can "take it" better than her man can!

★ Thousands of men will soon be enlisted in the Home Guard. They will join a brotherhood of adventure whose thrills and exploits are little known—a gallant company whose story is told for the first time in this new series

Home Guards Always Get their Man!

By MARK PRIESTLEY

NIGHT on a wind-swept hillside somewhere in Britain. Night over the sleeping farms and hamlets in the shadowy valley below.

From the horizon came the unmistakable tremor of approaching bombers. In a brake of gorse and pines a knot of Home Guards watched and waited. The drone grew nearer. Suddenly from the lowlands a light flashed unmistakably.

One . . . two . . . three!

"That's no accident," rapped Sergeant Tom Linder.

And as the raiders drove unerringly towards their objective twenty-five miles due north, and while the night-fighters throbbed in pursuit, he ignored the excitement of the skies. His routine job was to plot the position of the light, although it had winked for barely a second of tell-tale precision.

Detective Drama

When dawn broke he could chart its origin—a lonely cottage half-masked from level ground by a cluster of trees.

Such was the first stage of a Home Guard detective drama which ended in a traitor being lodged in Holloway Jail.

It is fact, not fiction, although I have been compelled to change some of the details.

It would still be unwise, perhaps, to tell the full story of how, at the height of the Battle of Britain, H.G. volunteers waged devastating secret warfare upon the Fifth Column.

Ninety-nine times in a hundred an intermittent light dodging through the trees or winking from a rooftop proves to be nothing more than a careless torch or a badly blacked-out attic.

Then comes the hundredth occasion, and the Case of the Lonely Cottage is typical.

Scrupulous lest the provisions of 18B should injure the innocent, inquiries were set afoot concerning the tenant.

The villagers only knew her as a "lady from London," but a police check-up elicited some strange details.

When refugees from France were pouring into Britain she had registered at a West End hotel, pleading that her passport had been lost in her flight from Paris.

Then she had vanished!

House Surrounded

The cup of adventure was full for the local Home Guard unit on the night of the next alert. As the sirens sounded a batch of middle-aged shopkeepers, bank clerks and farmhands—the new contemptibles of the great civilian army—stealthily surrounded the mystery house.

It was nearly an hour before the soft thud-thud of a Nazi 'plane sobbed in the sky.

The H.G. Commandant—better known as Jimmy Ransome, the local bank manager—was within two yards of a closet window when a light suddenly blazed with galvanising brilliance.

On, off, on again. . . .

Two burly farmers set their shoulders to a door. In eleven seconds by a stop-watch they had pushed back an apologetic woman in the hall.

The Dry Towel

"I—I was washing my hands," she said.

The cloakroom held only a tiny basin, and her excuse might have passed muster with anyone but a rural bank manager with a flair for thrillers.

"In hot water? With soap?" he demanded.

"Of course!"

He examined the porcelain. It was dry, and a towel, hanging near, showed no fresh moisture. The hot tap was stone-cold, although hot water flowed after a few seconds. The cake of soap was dry The circumstantial evidence sufficed, but documents found in the house were even more incriminating. . . .

Another would-be English quisling, a so-called artist, began living with his wife in a caravan in a country area. ..

"We want to get away from bombs!" he told the locals.

The explanation seemed reasonable, but the H.G.s kept their eyes skinned. A defence zone lay just over the hills. In quest of subjects for pictures—as he claimed—the artist soon moved around quite a lot with his caravan.

Investigations in co-operation with other H.G. detachments traced every parking-ground. In every case the choice was suspicious.

Feat of Endurance

A few days later "Peeper the Painter," as a jocular H.G. dentist called him, was detained.

For three bone-racking nights—strictly unofficially and on the q.t.—two H.G.s had clung by fingers and toes beneath the caravan, scarcely daring to breathe. It was a feat of endurance, and the conversation they recorded would have justified a firing squad.

If ever the Home Guard needs a motto I suggest they borrow the North-West Mounties' "We get our man. . . ."

Six thousand potential spies were rounded up in Britain early on in the war. When the Nazis in desperation dropped a secret agent over the Home Counties by parachute the Home Guard was ready.

Josef Jakobs arrival in Britain was schemed even down to the finishing touch of a portable spade with which to bury his "brolly" and flying kit. Equipped with a radio transmitting and receiving set, dressed in civilian clothes and armed with thick wads of English money, it is clear that he hoped to tour Britain in quest of military secrets.

He had been at liberty less than twelve hours when the H.G.s trapped him in circumstances which still cannot be disclosed. No sorrier, more disillusioned spy was ever shot in the Tower of London.

When the Nazis tried to scare Britain by dropping empty parachutes, H.G.s retrieved them as soon as they fell—save in one instance.

The silk dragged in a tree with harness trailing. Patrol-Leader Gable Perry tugged it—and a rotten branch crashed down on his head with a crack.

Perry was rushed to hospital unconscious—the first British victim of parachute warfare.

In Derbyshire and the Mendips, and other districts known to "pot-holers," the H.G.s are so thorough that they even police the underground caves.

Otherwise, they claim, a secret army might lie concealed for days in the trackless ghylls and galleries.

But it's deadly dangerous tackling some of the subterranean nooks and crannies and, in one area, other arrangements have been made since the adventure of Volunteer L. N. Mathers.

He was missing for a fortnight.

Terrible Ordeal

His comrades remembered that he had been on patrol. His work, however, often took him to London. His friends did not worry.

With his beard "growing like a blackberry bush," he was found at last huddled in the crevice of a pot-hole with a broken leg.

Thousands of H.G.s will be able to spin a tale or two when the peace bells ring. Too often for the present, their lips are sealed.

NEXT WEEK:
Home Guards in the Front Line.

Night falls on a lonely hillside. Home Guards are on the alert for suspicious lights from the hamlet in the valley . . .

WE'RE WINNING THE NERVE WAR

THINK back one short year! Do you remember how waves of rumours about Germany's military plans swept the world? Every day you heard that Germany might attack here or strike there.

"Hitler's moves"—the possible line he would take, the cunning plans which he devised were the topic of every conversation, and your nerves were frayed in the end by the incessant need to watch, to guess, and to anticipate what would happen next.

How the times have changed!

The battle of rumours is no longer a one-sided German affair.

On the contrary: Britain is winning this battle hands down.

★ ★ ★

Germany is swept by rumours this Spring.

I am not making guesses. I am referring to the German Government and their doubts, worries, and fears, expressed in the Nazi press.

Will Britain attack?
Where will Russia strike?
What action is America going to take?
How many planes has the R.A.F. to keep up its devastating offensive?
Will India participate to the full, with her immense material resources and her frightening wealth of man-power, in the conduct of the British war?

These are only a few questions which trouble the German mind

Possible answers, in the form of light-winged rumours, send German generals and officials scurrying across the Continent.

Is Britain preparing an invasion of Norway?

Is another raid on the French coast imminent?

Will Auchinleck strike in Libya or General Quinan move in the Middle East?

★ ★ ★

Tiny little rumours develop into an avalanche of strategic problems for Germany.

Hitler, who once used to send a rumour division around Europe to set Britain guessing about where he would strike next, has not enough soldiers to man every corner of Europe where rumour has it that Britain will strike.

It is an exhilarating spectacle.

After two and a half years of uninterrupted advance across the whole Continent of Europe, Hitler's armies are building fortified lines, defence positions, "impregnable walls."

His war leaders are keeping their big ears glued to the ground to pick up every rumour that comes from Britain.

So do not underestimate the terrific military advantage which these rumours give the United Nations against Germany!

I have seen governments totter from the impact of a rumour wave, crumbling as the result of a rumour which, by the way, was totally untrue!

★ ★ ★

One last word: I have no doubt that the offensive spirit of the British people is largely due to the wave of rumours which batters at the cliffs of the Nazi-occupied Continent.

The spirit of attack is explosive, and Hitler cannot enjoy living in an atmosphere as tense as that which radiates from the British Isles.

W. F.

TOJO IS SCARING HIT

It's a queer twist in Nazi scheming, but for us it is an urgent call for still more resolute effort to counter a possible desperate manœuvre by Hitler to use the scare to save himself

By A. G. GARDINER

HITLER and Tojo. Or should it be Tojo and Hitler? The question goes deep. For the terrific impetus of the Japanese avalanche has changed the whole shape of the war. It has changed it for us. It has changed it no less for Hitler.

He finds himself between the devil and the deep sea. It is not that Tojo has not done enough. It is that he has done far too much, and that he is plainly set on scooping the pool.

He is no longer the junior partner in the Axis concern, fulfilling instructions from Berlin. He has thrown off the mask to Hitler as well as to the rest of the world, and has revealed himself as a rival, and a formidable rival, for universal conquest.

Hence the undertone of murmurs in Germany, which recalls the ex-Kaiser's scare about the Yellow Peril, and sees that Peril taking visible shape under the inspiration of Hitler. In trying to escape from one blunder, Hitler has floundered into another.

He first miscalculated the might of Russia. Then he misjudged the might and motives of Japan.

★ ★ ★

When, stunned by his defeat before Moscow in December, Hitler called on Tojo to intervene, even with the certainty of bringing America into the war, his purpose was simple. It was to save himself in Russia.

By spreading the war to the Pacific two things would, he conceived, be accomplished. Russia would be threatened with a war in the Far East, and British and American supplies to her would be diverted to the Pacific.

NEITHER RELIEF HAS COME. JAPAN IS NOT AT WAR WITH RUSSIA, AND THERE HAS BEEN NO PAUSE IN THE FLOW OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN SUPPLIES TO OUR ALLY AGAINST HITLER.

Tojo has seized the opportunity, not to help Hitler, but to help himself. The chance for which the Island Monkey Race has been waiting and preparing for forty years has come out of the chaos that Hitler has made of Europe, and Tojo's aim is not to knock Britain out in order to give Germany the hegemony of the world. His aim is to destroy the dominion of the white race over the whole earth.

The world is not to be Germanised. It is to be Japanised. Hitler's dream of universal empire is to be accomplished. But the seat of that empire is not to be Berlin. It is to be Tokyo.

★ ★ ★

Whether Hitler or Tojo can claim to be the true author and begetter of the "New Order" we do not know. What we do know is that the schemes of both gangsters are the same.

EACH IS BASED ON MILITARY CONQUEST, THE ENSLAVEMENT OF THE SUBJECT RACES AND THE CONCENTRATION OF ALL THE HEAVY INDUSTRIES AND ALL MECHANICAL POWER IN THE HANDS OF THE MASTER RACE.

Whoever controls the power houses of the world controls the world. That, in a nutshell, is the gospel of the gangsters.

Tojo, cunning, ruthless, unscrupulous, has seized the opportunity, not to help Hitler, but to help himself—and Germany realises it!

Hitler applies it to Europe. Germany is to have the monopoly of the industrial power of the Continent, and all the enslaved peoples of Europe are to be her hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Tojo applies it to Asia. Hearken to Ogura, the Finance Minister of Japan:

"There are over 400 million people in China, the majority of whom are hard-working men. By applying Japanese technique and capital to China's man-power, Japan will be able to take the markets of the world by storm and to achieve new and formidable industrial power."

This was said before Japan's plunge into the arena had brought another 400 millions of potential slaves (Indians this time) into the wide sweep of Tojo's net.

But the point I wish to stress is that these rival schemes admit of no compromise.

THE GANGSTERS ARE UNITED FOR ONE PURPOSE AND ONE PURPOSE ONLY. IT IS THE DESTRUCTION OF THE EXISTING WORLD ORDER AND THE UNIVERSAL ENSLAVEMENT OF MANKIND.

Let us assume they will accomplish that. Hitler and Tojo will then be face to face for the final struggle for world empire.

No bargaining could dodge that final clash. The idea of these barbarians settling down amicably to divide and exploit the world side by side only has to be stated to be unthinkable.

Victorious, armed to the teeth, swollen with ambition, filled with blood lust, drunk

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

IS PRISON WORK WASTE?

● A warder who has written the prize "War Effort" article in the *Prison Officers' Magazine* declares that the Home Secretary should purge the Prison Commission, which is not "helping 100 per cent."

He not only tells of how the department wastes paper on "tripe," but declares that in a prison in which he recently served, 1,000 men, of whom 98 per cent. were fit for the Services or for factories, "had no work at all."

"It was very irritating to be in charge of 200 men just sitting round picking coir or flock, and then repicking and repicking it," he says, "when we are fighting for the very life of the country."

Among them were conscientious objectors, "who refuse to sew hammocks, get away with it, and are put on coir-picking. Their consciences do not prevent their eating food brought at the peril of their lives by the men who use the hammocks."

The Minister of Labour should see the Home Secretary about it.

WHY ALLOW FUN FAIRS?

● I recently looked in at a dinner at which "amusement caterers"—men who run fun-fairs and things like that—were boasting of how their industry provides "a home from home" for lonely soldiers.

Actually, pin-tables and clock-machines are not only one of the silliest ways of wasting money.

Although you would scarcely believe it, their mysterious attraction is one of the most common causes of thefts by boys.

Protests about their being allowed to remain open are now made, not by J.P.s of the type that would close down all fun, but stipendiaries of experience.

When prizes are given, it is a form of gambling to indulge in which boys should be discouraged. When there are no prizes, it is a silly waste of money.

CAN WHITEHALL BE REFORMED?

● The Civil Service is more than Whitehall, now. It is half Llandudno and Colwyn Bay. It almost runs Harrogate.

When war started, as much of it as could be moved was rushed off to distant safety.

Now, multiplied and swollen, it is so complex that it impedes the national effort.

Yes, it can be simplified and modernised—when Sir Horace Wilson, its chief, retires in a few weeks' time.

Then, it is said, one man will hold what is called "the dead hand of the Treasury," and the other half of Sir Horace's job will be done by someone else.

Why not let Lord Reith have a go? He, at least, doesn't mind being unpopular. It is not a job for a Civil Servant—but a most uncivil master.

Reith could sack thousands—and save millions.

CAN THE BRITISH HATE?

● Despite the innumerable atrocity stories, I see no real evidence of a demand for vicious revenge.

It is all to the good. We beat the Germans last time, not by calling them "Huns," as a few papers did, but with the use of the soldier's name, "Jerry."

Wars are won by brains, by courage, and by work, not by insensate malice.

The French hated the Germans when the war started. We did not.

Yet I do not remember that the French behaved, in the days of Dunkirk, better than we did, or that their long years of hatred of Germany and everything German served them half as well as did our calm, our grit, and our sense of humour.

ITLER !

with the sight of power, they would fall instantly upon each other. Fear of the Yellow Peril on the one side, hatred of the white race (the Germans included) on the other, would add a racial ferocity to the grapple that only mutual annihilation would satisfy.

★ ★ ★

And it is because the Japanese have played their hand so much more skilfully and have got so long a start in the race for the strategic position that, according to the *Times'* Ankara correspondent, Germany is seething "with dismay caused by the Japanese successes.

"In fact, some Germans go so far as to say that the contemplated German drive towards the Middle East is dictated not only by the plan to co-operate with the Japanese, but also by a German desire to forestall the Japanese in the occupation of a key position in that region."

It is not outside the range of possibility that the last of the rat-like manœuvres of the criminal who has wrecked Europe and the world will be a frantic appeal to the white races to help him to save them from the Yellow Peril that he has let loose upon them.

More immediate and more dangerous are the intrigues based on the fear of Japan which he has set on foot notably in Turkey. The cunning plea is being put forward that Turkey will be safer from the Yellow Peril with Germany at her back to bar the way.

Turkey should be proof against such impudent hypocrisy. Only by the stern maintenance of her neutrality can she preserve her independent existence and her territory from the ravages of war. And her commitments to the United Nations are such that honour alone should steel her against so fatal a betrayal.

★ ★ ★

That the startling change in the balance of power between Hitler and Tojo will have any immediate effect on the war policy of the gangsters is not to be supposed.

"Thick as thieves" is a maxim of the criminal world. Gangsterism has its own code of loyalty, and in its war on civilised society it will observe that code so long as it dare.

But the moral damage is done. The seeds of rivalry and disunity are sown. Hitler's place in the Axis is profoundly altered. He no longer reigns alone. Tojo dwarfs him to his own level.

And not in Germany alone, but throughout the White World a new and hideous menace casts its shadow over the heart of mankind.

That shadow will deepen. Even those who were prepared to cry "Heil, Hitler" will shrink from the terrific implications of "Heil, Tojo."

THE MORAL CASE OF THE UNITED NATIONS IS ENORMOUSLY ENHANCED. IT STANDS NO LONGER MERELY FOR THE CAUSE OF HUMAN FREEDOM. IT STANDS FOR THE SURVIVAL OF THE WHITE CIVILISATION ITSELF.

In this tremendous emergency of the human race let us close our ranks, sink our petty differences, and highly resolve that, whatever the sacrifice, the powers of hell represented by Hitler and Tojo shall not possess the earth.

★ Hay Anim el Husseini, ex-Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, has teamed up with Hitler in the hope of revenge on the hated British. But his plans for terror and murder are doomed to failure.

The Mufti who Deals in Death

MASSIVE doors of Hitler's private study in the Berlin Chancellery in the Wilhelmstrasse were flung wide open as he rose to greet a fifty-year - old Oriental with a wrinkled, bearded face and a pair of cold, hard eyes which tried in vain to hide an unholy fire behind an assumed appearance of dignity.

Hitler's mysterious visitor, clad in a long dark robe with a white fez on his head, was Hay Anim el Husseini. You'll probably know him better as the ex-"Grand Mufti" of Jerusalem, who claims to be the spiritual head of the Moslems.

Strategic Prizes

What these two political adventurers talked in Berlin is part and parcel of Hitler's offensive plans against the strategic prizes of the Middle East.

Hitler hopes that the Mufti will soften up the Middle East in preparation for an easy Nazi conquest.

The Nazis think that the Mufti is quite the man for the job.

He is, indeed, the chosen Gauleiter of "Hitler's Arab Reich." Intrigue, treachery, revolt and Fifth Columnism are his weapons. He has practised with them for many years. His dagger is always ready to stab someone in the back.

Like Hitler, he has a pet hate: Britain. To destroy it, if he can, he is prepared to help Hitler to the limit.

But what can the Mufti offer Hitler?

How is it that Hitler has installed him in a special Middle Eastern H.Q. for Fifth Columnists, which has been established in Athens?

Why has Hitler ordered all other Arab Quislings, among them the notorious Iraki rebel, Rashid Ali, to co-ordinate their stealthy work with the Mufti's plans?

When the Mufti met Hitler he was anxious to provide his new taskmaster with some proof of his influence in the Middle East. He realised that Hitler was well aware of his recent personal history, which consisted mainly of hurried escapes from the grip of the British.

Fugitive Outlaw

After all, since 1937, when he was outlawed in Palestine, the Mufti has been a fugitive from British justice, on the run from one Middle Eastern capital to another, in fear of capture any moment, any day of his life.

He may have told Hitler of the distinguished Arab family from which he came.

He may have explained that he is a descendant of the Prophet (although there are tens of thousands of them).

He may have recalled that he had held high Arab office conferred on him by the British authorities, and how he used it—against Britain.

But all these arguments would not impress Hitler, and to allay his doubts the Mufti could only point to some achievements which alone count in the gangster world of Axis politics.

They were all connected with the efficient murder organisation which he has built up in the Middle East. It has at least one murder to its credit to show that it even operates in the Mufti's absence.

Smilingly the Mufti could tell Hitler that there was a man called Fakhri who was his worst enemy.

Fakhri, a prominent Arab and friend of Britain, had persistently warned the Arab world against the Mufti, had branded him publicly as an agent of Hitler and Mussolini, exposed the graft and political corruption in his gang.

This man, the Mufti claimed, had been condemned to death by his murder organisation, the "Tribunal of the Great Arab Revolution," and had actually been shot. The bullets of the Mufti's murderers killed him in Baghdad.

The efficient murder organisation built up by the Mufti in the Middle East is his trump card in his dealings with Hitler

He was the most prominent victim of the Mufti's terror which for years has created unrest, organised revolts, planned revolution and chaos in the Middle East.

This organisation, this terror, is the Mufti's trump card in his negotiations with Hitler. He has promised his Nazi friends that they can count on it to take an active part in the war when Hitler launches his attack.

Under the pretence of financing this organisation, the extravagant Mufti, who has always collected big sums for his political campaigns (using most of them to lead the luxurious life of an Eastern potentate) is now drawing on Hitler's coffers

But although Hitler is very generous with German money if it seems to serve his dark end, he can be relied upon to extract from the Mufti the utmost value for his financial contributions.

Making Him Work

Hitler is the one man to make traitors work.

With a political conception based on treachery and Fifth Columnism, he will not allow the Mufti to remain idle.

He wants him to help in smuggling agents into the Middle East before the battle begins.

He needs him to devise the propaganda speeches, broadcasts, secret newspapers, private letters in Arabic, which are designed to undermine Britain's influence in the Middle East.

Who, if not the Mufti, is the man to sow distrust between the Jews and the Arabs; and between both of them and Britain in Palestine?

Hitler's Tools

His hatred of Britain has turned him and his men into Hitler's tools. Radio Athens pours out vitriolic propaganda speeches. Alternatively, it proclaims Mussolini "Defender of Islam" and boosts Hitler's forthcoming "campaign of liberation."

Trained to preach and to lecture, the Mufti tries to appeal to the simple Arab and, like Hitler in Europe, to rouse the lowest passions.

A few of his agents are still at large in Baghdad, Teheran and Kabul, to mingle with the crowds in the bazaars, drop a word here, a suggestion there, and set rumours going.

They always try to spread panic, to create disturbances, using all the underground tricks to which Fascists of every race and colour resort to confuse the minds of the people.

They never hesitate to misuse religion for their purpose, stirring up racial hatred and antagonism.

But that is only the "groundwork" which the Mufti has in mind.

He remembers the days when his armed murder bands roamed through Palestine, attacking British outposts, Jews and loyal Arabs, forcing villages to give up their food to them and to contribute armed men for his "crusade."

The Mufti's Dream

The Mufti is trying to convince Hitler that, when he gives the signal, these bands will come to life and take up arms against Britain.

Hitler's plan would be to provide the arms for the Mufti to smuggle into the Middle East.

Altogether the Mufti's work is supposed to provide the Nazis with a "political pincer movement" to link up with Rommel in Egypt.

But dangerous though the Mufti still is, he is not likely to have told Hitler that British vigilance has long succeeded in blunting the spearhead of his insidious attack.

He has certainly not admitted—what he knows only too well—that his mysterious religious humbug cannot deceive experienced British officials.

There are also too many Arabs against him, too many Jews who have reason to hate him, for his Middle Eastern machinations to succeed.

And there is, finally, the great British Middle Eastern Army to deal with Nazi gangsters, whether they appear in German uniforms or in the Oriental robes of a few Arab traitors.

WILLI FRISCHAUER

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

HOW TO STOP DAMAGE BY THE TROOPS

OUR troops are being trained to "get rough" with the enemy. Some, unfortunately, are getting rough with the property of their fellow-countrymen.

In Sussex is a lovely old manor house.

Or, rather, it *was* lovely until it was requisitioned by the military authorities.

Thereafter it looked as though it had suffered some of London's bombing.

Ornamental and priceless fireplaces were ruined.

Walls were knocked about, banisters broken. Gate pillars were crumbled to pieces by Army lorries.

The owner, who had spent a small fortune and years of care on the house, was almost heartbroken.

Used for Firewood

Another man had nine houses taken over by the troops.

When they left, he found that whole flights of banisters had been sawn down and used for firewood.

Walls were covered with scribbled signs and drawings, windows broken, bathrooms woefully damaged.

By taking legal action, he succeeded in getting £125 compensation!

Oh yes, the Army pays up. There is War Office machinery for granting compensation. Usually, claims are fairly met—though subject to delay.

But that is not the main cause of complaint.

The scandal centres around the point that greater safeguards should be imposed *against* unnecessary damage.

In a recent report by the Auditor-General, the public is treated to this disquieting revelation:

"Large payments have been made by the War Office in respect of land, buildings and furniture requisitioned for Army use.

"In the course of my audit, I have observed cases of damage to the buildings and chattels, due apparently to unreasonable treatment by troops.

"In a number of instances the cost of dilapidations was much larger than the compensation rent."

One case mentioned by the Auditor-General is that of a holiday camp taken over for the military.

£7,500 Damage

Many of the fittings were removed or broken And the damage was estimated at £7,500!

It is clear that damage is serious and general.

The Property Owners' Protection Society has told my representative that it has received hundreds of complaints.

The Hotels and Restaurants Association reports considerable damage to hotels commandeered for use by the troops.

When the troops leave, there is an obligation on the War Office to pay the cost of making good the damage.

Now, that cost is charged to the unit responsible.

And the unit, of course, tries to pass the cost to the offender.

But usually the damage is not discovered until the unit has left. Then it is too late to track the culprits.

Men are unwilling to "own up." Or they have forgotten that it was Private Smith's kitbag that bumped through a window and Private Wilkins' boot that crashed a ruinous dent in a valuable wood panel.

So the whole unit has to pay up.

In consequence, there is resentment and perplexity.

The troops don't see why they should be held liable for accidents in some house they left months ago and which has since been occupied by other troops who may really have been responsible.

And because it's human to blame the other fellow, it is obviously desirable to avoid having to blame anyone at all.

Certainly the War Office is anxious that the need for blame shall not arise.

Its instructions to commanding officers are definite. They are designed to reduce damage to the lowest possible level—some damage is probably unavoidable because Servicemen have bulky equipment, and more of them are quartered in houses than the usual number of private residents.

But are these instructions obeyed by all commanding officers?

Too Few Inspections

JOHN BULL reporters tell me of requisitioned houses in so deplorable a condition that the officers responsible can rarely have inspected them.

I suggest, therefore, that the War Office should re-emphasise its instructions.

With all respect to our troops, the widespread damage they have caused must be checked in their own interests as well as those of the general public.

Frequent, careful inspection of all requisitioned property is the only way by which it can be done.

Sir James Grigg, new Secretary for War, should see that C.O.s carry out the Army Council's orders

DON'T LET 'EM BURN YOUR FINGERS

THERE is a shortage of matches, and the demand for cigarette- and gas-lighters exceeds the supply.

For this reason many manufacturers are selling, at excessive prices, lighters which are a snare and a delusion.

Recently a firm advertised gas-lighters —"No flints or batteries required."

Those who sent money by post received the striking panel from a matchbox, glued on to a small piece of wood, plus a "strike-pellet pencil."

This ingenious device would have been dear at a tenth of the price charged.

Another inventor, "after months of research," has perfected a cigarette-lighter which can be made at home for 4s. complete.

If you send 2s. he sends you a wiring diagram and typewritten instructions—but I advise you to save your money.

Lately the petrol-for-lighters racket has been worked successfully at markets in the munition-making towns.

Small bottles of "petrol" have been sold at a shilling. But the liquid in the bottles is anything but petrol.

Don't let these tricksters burn your fingers.

Five Bob for a Pennyworth!

WHEN the call for economy is urgent, it is scandalous that the unscrupulous manufacturer of worthless "Tonic" wines can still operate and extensively defraud the public, with only small fines as a penalty.

For many years I have drawn attention to the activities of Frederick Robert Page, proprietor of the Tonic Wine Company, Wendall Road, Hammersmith.

Operating from a private house, Page has employed agents in many parts of the country to sell his "Tonic" wines under many fancy titles.

★ ★ ★

These wines, which are alleged to "make the weak strong and the strong, stronger," are sold at 5s. a bottle.

Analysts have proved that some of these "wines" consist largely of coloured water and are worth about 1d. a bottle.

Recently twenty men were touring the Home Counties, using eleven cars and wasting valuable petrol, acting as agents for Page and selling his tonic wine at 5s a bottle.

The Bucks County Council got on his track and he was fined £20 with 15 guineas costs.

But this is not enough to cramp the style of this unblushing manufacturer of worthless tonic wines.

Even as I write, Page has again appeared in Court, this time at Kensington Sessions, where he was fined £150 with 15 guineas costs, for selling a substance known as Phosaquin Tonic, which was described as "a scandalous fraud on the public."

Analysis showed that it contained 98 per cent. sweetened water, with minute quantities of quinine and phosphoric acid.

The cost was about 1d. a bottle, and it was sold to the public at 5s.

★ ★ ★

I have had complaints from readers in many parts of the country who have been defrauded by agents sent out by spurious tonic manufacturers.

Fines have, unfortunately, failed to put these merchants out of business.

Meanwhile, I can only warn my readers to be on their guard. Don't waste your money on coloured water!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. J. E. Gibbon, Hillcroft Crescent, Oxhey, Herts, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for information of a useful character.

Write to me now about any subject needing investigation or comment, marking envelopes "Public Benefactor."

What Laval's Plotting Means to Us

HITLER paid a tribute to the French people by enforcing the return of Pierre Laval into the French cabinet last week.

It was an admission of his fear of a French rising if Allied troops invaded the Continent.

He thus confessed his military weakness in the West of Europe as a result of the terrific German losses in the East.

General von Stulpnagel, the hard-hearted Prussian militarist, who last winter ordered the execution of innocent hostages, saw one after the other of his divisions leave for the Russian front.

He grew even more worried when he realised that hatred of the invader was increasing.

Stulpnagel's solution, for which he had apparently already gained Hitler's approval, was a total occupation of France and the complete taking over of French administration by the Germans.

Only reluctantly, so the story goes, did Hitler accept Ribbentrop's suggestion to give Pétain "another chance" by entrusting Laval with the formation of a new cabinet.

A Clever Bluff

I wonder whether Hitler and Stulpnagel really preferred the solution of total occupation. I rather think it was a clever piece of bluff aimed at Pétain's weakest spot.

The senile Marshal clings to the shadow of "independent power" which the Germans have left him and to the fiction of his "capital," Vichy, where he can receive the remnants of a Diplomatic Corps and answer the salute of a French bodyguard out of the sight of German uniforms.

Only once, in December, 1940, after the dismissal of Laval did Pétain counter Hitler's threat of a total occupation of France with the answer that he would then move the seat of the government and the fleet to North Africa.

Then Hitler's threat was no bluff. Nearly all his army was concentrated in France, and it would have been child's play for him to carry out his threat. Yet Pétain's counter-threat proved more effective.

Now, with four-fifths of his armies and two-thirds of his Luftwaffe pinned along the Russian front, the threat *was* a bluff, but he got away with it.

Bad Precedent

But whatever immediate strategic or economic advantages Hitler may secure in the next few weeks, with the help of Laval, the debit side of the operation will prove heavier in the long run.

Remember the precedent with the *original* Quisling, the Norwegian. Has the situation for the Germans improved since they put their puppet Vidkun Quisling at the head of a government in Norway last winter?

No. It has been worse ever since. Norway is the only occupied country from which the Nazis not only could not withdraw troops for their offensive against Russia, but where they even had to reinforce their garrisons.

The same may happen in France.

Anyway, it is certain that the return of Laval and the hate which surrounds this most despised of all French politicians offers Great Britain and America bigger chances than ever before.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

STRANGER THAN FICTION . . . By WALDO KELLAR

The Live Dead Man

I COULD tell you this story in the manner of an old nurse who, evolving fantasy and plastering it upon a slender scaffolding of half-verified fact, makes up a tale to keep boys quiet.

I might say: "Once upon a time there was a man who was dead, and yet he was alive. . . . ."

That is how it seemed. But I must begin at the beginning.

★ ★ ★

In the United States, in the Mad Twenties, there was an outbreak of violent crime, a wave of murder.

I do not have to tell you the ancient story of Capone, and the dead and half-forgotten scandals of Chicago. Crime bought itself a machine-gun. Death walked. Killing was easy.

The assassin became a sort of national hero for a while. Killers made legend and history.

It will be impossible to write the history of the United States of America between 1924 and 1932 without some reference to the Public Enemies—slaughterers like Dillinger, Nash, and Karpis.

The tale of any nation has its dirty patches. That was the dark moment in American history.

Now in the 1920's, in North America, there rose a man whose story stirs certain dark, terrifying cells in one's mind.

He was an Italian, and I shall call him Bello. He was hanged, like the murderer that he was. But between his conviction and his execution there comes a story.

On his rope hangs a tale—let us put it that way.

THERE was an outbreak of robberies and murders. Banditry, in a small way, rode high. Men killed for a few dollars.

And among the most ruthless of the killers there was a certain group of very young Italians.

Shops were raided: tills were emptied of petty cash, and shopkeepers were shot dead.

This was no ordinary crime-wave: it seemed that larceny had gone raving mad, and the common thief had lost all fear of ultimate consequences.

No ordinary crook deliberately risks the gallows for five or ten pounds' worth of loot. And yet small tradesmen were being murdered for the little sums in their cash registers.

The police got hold of a clue. It led them to a boy, an Italian, scarcely out of his teens. They charged him with murder.

He had slaughtered a decent shopkeeper for some ridiculously small amount of money. I don't know by what means the police made the killer talk: it isn't our business.

But in the end he talked, and he gave evidence. His story came out, word by word. The boy killer "spilled the beans."

He was one of a group of robbers. None of them was more than twenty years old. They held up storeholders, robbed them, and killed them.

There was a gang of these young murderers. They had a leader.

This leader was a strange and sinister man. He had a personality and a manner of enforcing his will. He was Bello, the Chief. *And he could not be killed.*

So said the boy who gave evidence . . . and you can guess how the police said: "Oh, so he can't be killed, eh?"—and went out after him with grim smiles.

In due course they caught him, and three or four of his accomplices. The case was clear. He had participated in several murders. On more than one occasion, Bello had fired the fatal shot.

He was sentenced to be hanged, and

Shops were raided, tills were emptied, and shopkeepers were shot dead

so were three of the boys whom he had led in his murder expeditions—tough boys; dead-end kids; little gunmen.

They accepted their death-sentences with a most peculiar calm.

Bello said: "You'll never get me."

The law thought, however, that it already had him; and so he, and his boys, went to the death-house.

The eye of the public was upon the man who claimed that he could not be hanged. Bulletins emerged from the condemned cell. Bello was calm. . . . Bello was in good health. . . . Bello was indescribably cheerful and confident.

He reiterated his earlier assertion—he couldn't die.

And even on the eve of his execution he still said: "You'll never kill me." There was only one thing about him, apart from his cool assurance, which struck his jailers as strange — his frugality in eating.

Bello consumed barely enough food to keep him alive. He got thin.

His eyes became unnaturally bright. There was an air of the other world about this savage little murderer.

WHEN the day dawned—Bello's last dawn—the chaplain talked to him of eternity. Bello laughed. Repentance? Bello sneered. Confession? "What for?" asked Bello. "I'm not going to die."

The gallows waited. The hangman was ready. Fearing some trick of corruption, the prison authorities had tested the rope, the beam and the drop. Everything was perfect. Everything was ready.

Bello's wife even had a hearse waiting outside the gates to take the body of Bello away for burial. He still smiled.

But at the last moment his nerve seemed to break. He collapsed. On the steps of the gallows his knees gave way. Bello fainted.

They had to carry him up to the hideous, hollow-sounding wooden flap of the drop. Bello lay limp. "They often die yellow," said those who knew, as they dragged Bello on to the drop.

The murderer who had laughed now lay unconscious. It was necessary to sit him in a chair in order to hang him.

Until the last moment the spectators watched, wondering if Bello had some strange trump to play. But there was nothing. The killer went down. The rope jerked taut. Bello was hanged.

And in due course he was taken down and—in accordance with local law—handed over to his wife for burial.

The lifeless body of Bello the killer was placed in the hearse. Bello had been hanged by the neck according to the law.

And the hearse drove away.

But, a few minutes later, a detective, who had been present when Bello's body had left the jail, suddenly remembered something. He said to a colleague:—

"Now what did they want hot-water bags for?"

"Where?"

"In the hearse."

"Hot-water bags?"

"Yes, a lot of 'em."

There was a pause. Then a burst of dangerous initiative. It couldn't have happened anywhere on earth but there. Sirens screamed. A police-car chased the racing hearse, and stopped it. A detective looked in.

Three men were working upon the body of Bello. They were applying hot-water bottles and artificial respiration.

A HASTY examination revealed something fantastic.

Bello's heart was beating! Bello was alive!

There was a silence, and a kind of universal shudder.

Was this man human, who survived twenty minutes on the gallows and a six-foot drop? Or was he in league with strange, dark powers?

But a police surgeon blew a cold wind of reason in among the dead leaves of superstitious conjecture.

Bello, he explained, had played a terribly daring, yet a reasonable game.

He was a light man, a little wiry creature. He had starved himself in prison and so made himself lighter still. Then, at the last moment, he had pretended to faint.

In this manner—feigning the dead loll of unconsciousness—he had managed to work the neck-breaking hangman's knot a couple of inches back from his ear

He had dropped, and only partially strangled. The law permitted the taking away of the body. As soon as Bello was laid in the hearse, his wife and two accomplices began to revive him.

He wasn't quite dead. He would have lived to commit more crimes, if the detective had not remembered having seen that queer, incongruous hot-water bottle.

It came out later. It was as the surgeon said. Bello had trained his little gang of young murderers in his bizarre and terrible method of cheating the gallows.

That accounted for their horrible cheerfulness in the shadow of the death-sentence . . . their crazy optimism in the mouth of the gallows-drop.

And it nearly worked.

But not quite.

They let him die.

Human Machine

BE TOLERANT

If you look around you with an observing eye and an open and understanding mind, you will agree that much, if not all, of the trouble in this world is caused by our apparent inability to let other people alone.

We just can't be content to live and let live. We must criticise. We must blame. We must interfere.

We should do better to look after ourselves and allow other people to look after themselves.

We are not our brother's keepers. We are primarily our own keepers.

"One of the central secrets of efficient daily living," said a very wise man, "is to leave our daily companions alone a great deal more than we do, and attend to ourselves. If a daily companion is conducting his life upon principles which you know to be false, and with results that you feel to be unpleasant, the safe rule is to keep your mouth shut."

We none of us have either the ability or the time to take charge of the universe—and whenever we try we only succeed in making a first-class mess of the bit we touch.

We also, every time we try, take away just so much energy from our real job of taking charge of ourselves and our own development.

"Live and let live" is still one of the best guides to a happy life!

HUNT THE (RUBBER) SLIPPER

HERE is a job you can do this very night.

Search the house for rubber.

Mobilise the whole family for the job.

See how big a pile you can build.

Then—think for a minute. Have you seen any rubber article lying discarded in the open air, even as bulky a thing as an old car tyre?

If so, go out and get it, and add it to your stack.

There's nothing to be ashamed about being seen out on such an expedition.

You should be proud.

★ ★ ★

For our rubber supplies are short—dangerously short.

Little is coming in. Our El Dorado of rubber—Malaya—has been lost to the Jap bandits.

We've got to rake up 50,000 tons of it a month from our own homes, and that "we" includes *you*.

Without rubber no bomber can leave the factory. No fighter either.

No brave lad crashing into the sea can save himself in his collapsible boat.

Without rubber no army can move to protect your home against invasion, raid enemy-held coasts or—as we hope will one day be the case—attack Germany itself.

Without rubber no tank can rush into the attack, no warship sail the seas.

Look at your gas mask—your baby's. It is rubber. So your immediate safety depends on it.

Begin your search now. Old hot water bottles. Tyres. Rubber shoes. Mats. Special sponges. Teapot spouts. Tennis balls. Cricket-bat handles. A hundred other things.

Unless it is absolutely essential to you, throw it into the salvage pile.

★ ★ ★

Don't hoard for hoarding's sake.

Make "If in doubt, throw it out" your salvage motto.

Twenty-five shillings a ton will be paid for it if delivered direct to a Government dump.

It is a duty to help. It is one of the most urgent duties you have been called to perform.

So now, realising the importance of it, ACT.

And should you see any waste of this precious commodity through wickedness, ignorance or stupidity, write and let us know. We will do the rest.

Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

YOUTH—and its Problems

By HUMANIST

Here is the biggest thing in all history—and I'm only singing songs and knitting mufflers!

MANY thousands of young people in their 'teens are working their hardest to help the war effort. Many thousands more are eager to do something, but don't know how or where to begin.

I am anxious to play my part, *writes Miss Sixteen,* **but there seems so little I can do. I have been knitting "comforts" for the troops; I have helped a bit with concerts and dances. But these all seem so futile.**

When I grow up to womanhood, I want to feel proud about what I did in the world war. Here is the biggest thing in all history—and I'm only singing songs and knitting mufflers!

Miss Sixteen will be called to register shortly if she has not already done so. This will be followed by an interview, when she will be told a number of things she can do in her district.

These interviews which follow registration are most important. There are so many young people in their 'teens who are at a loose end. They will be urged to join a club organised by the Youth Movement, where they can do war work and keep themselves fit by physical exercises, games, gymnastics and dancing.

I am always getting desperate letters from young men and women who complain that they can't make friends. Well, here is the chance to end the trouble. Let them plunge wholeheartedly into the activities of the nearest youth organisation. They will have no more time to brood or indulge in self-pity.

BUT since I am writing about the problems of the boys and girls in their 'teens, I will deal with some others. The first comes from a girl who has lost her job through the closing down of the firm.

I am willing to work, *she writes,* **and am doing my best to get a new job, but my parents simply won't leave me alone, nagging at me morning, noon and night. I am seriously thinking of leaving home altogether. My father would be glad if I went.**

I should like to go to some big town and live in a hostel, but I don't know any. I am at a loss what to do, and there is no one I can ask but you, Humanist.

Since her parents seem anxious for her to go, there is no reason why she should not—provided, of course, that she gets a wage that will keep her.

She can always get into touch with a branch of the Y.W.C.A. or some other organisation that supervises the welfare of girls away from home.

The two chief dangers of being alone are loneliness and bad company, and the first often leads to the second.

THE next letter is a young woman's problem, although it is sent by her mother.

Ever since my daughter has brought home her young man, *she writes,* **my husband has been a sadly changed man. He never speaks to her except to bully and abuse her.**

The "boy friend" is serving with the Forces and is all that one could wish for in a son-in-law; yet my husband refuses to be friendly or sociable with him.

I cannot understand this change in him as, previous to this, he was always so fond of her. Have you ever heard of anything like this before?

The answer is "Yes." I have heard similar cases from readers and have met with it among my own acquaintances.

The father is possessive. He wants to feel that he comes first in his daughter's affections, and he hates the prospective son-in-law because he himself now has to take a second place.

It is quite stupid of him to allow such feelings to influence him. One cannot fight against human nature.

ANOTHER letter comes from a young man of twenty.

I wish you could help me out of a difficult dilemma, *he says,* **I am being hunted and haunted by a girl several years older than myself.**

She works in the same Government office and knows my every movement. She reserves a chair for me at lunch. There is no way of avoiding her.

The worst of it is that she has managed to introduce herself to my people, and they keep inviting her home on Sundays, and after tea they practically order us to go out for a walk. Lately, they have begun talking about "when you are married," but I don't want to be married—at least, not yet, and not to her.

What would you do in my place?

I think I should join the Navy and see the world!

If he can't join the Forces for any reason, he should summon up his courage, tell the girl he does not wish to marry, and tell the family the same.

I advise him not to argue or to think out reasons. Let him make a plain, decisive statement and—walk out!

Czechs Have a

By GEORGE EDINGER

THAT loathsome Gestapo leader, Heyderich, hauls Czech workers and students in batches to the headsman.

The shooting and the torturing, the slave driving and the firing squad that sickened even that Prussian of the last war vintage, von Neurath, into despairing resignation, run like a plague through Czech fields and her furnaces, factories and farms.

But the nation that is Czechoslovakia has raised her head proudly again in every continent of the world.

Her armies are fighting on every battle front. They front the sea that guards Britain. They hold the lines at Tobruk, they march with the Russian armies towards the Polish border. Her airmen are in the skies over Northern France and Malta and the Don.

To a drab block of mansion flats in the West of London her Ministers, her generals and her experts have come by devious and dangerous ways to reform the freely elected Government of her federated peoples.

From an address unknown the hero President and architect of her liberties, Edouard Benes, directs the resistance of the conquered motherland.

The survival of Czechoslovakia as a living force without a yard of territory that she can call her own is one of this war's mightiest miracles.

Its accomplishment might have been impossible with any other people. But for three centuries the Czechs lived as a nation underground.

To Appointed Posts

Against the relatively humane oppression of Austria, they held their nation together by strange and secret ways for three hundred years, and when, after 20 years of nationhood, in the grim autumn of 1938 the Nazi hordes began to sweep across the fair and fruitful province of Bohemia, the leaders of the Czechoslovak people scattered.

But they did not scatter hopelessly over the face of the world.

Each went off like a soldier to his appointed post, there to wait for further orders for the re-creation of the immortal, the unconquerable and the undying thing that is Czechoslovakia.

This man to London, the other to Melbourne, a third to Washington, a fourth to Moscow, a fifth to Warsaw, the sixth, his place was the hardest of them all, must stay at Prague.

How they kept in touch was the secret of a very few men, often of one man only.

But they knew, these hundreds of experts and technicians, these ten thousand officers and N.C.O.s of the Czech Army, these aviators (half the pilots of the Czech Air Force were smuggled out of the country after Munich), even as they shook hands it seemed for the last time on the great square of Wenceslas, at Prague, that their work was not ended but only begun all over again. They knew something else.

Although they went off penniless into the unknown, they knew that wherever they were they were not going to starve.

Wherever there is a city there is a little community of Czechs and Slovaks. And wherever there are Czechs or Slovaks no Czechoslovak patriot will want.

Helped on their Way

We shall never know how often the young aviator on his long trek half-way round the world, how many times the Minister of State hidden away in a back-room, in Vienna, perhaps, or Berlin, or Constantinople, was fed and speeded on his journey with pennies tied up in a cotton handkerchief after a whip round among stokers and waiters and cabin boys and servant girls, who, as they pressed them upon the wandering patriots, smiled, "You will repay me when we meet in Prague."

The People's Odyssey did not end with Munich. It did not end when war began. It has not ended yet.

Often the message goes out to move this key man or that across a continent, sometimes the continent of Europe that is held by hostile armies.

And passed hand to hand along the underground railway that links the Czechoslovak patriots (every Czech is a patriot), **they come to answer the call.**

They may be months upon the road. But if they are alive they will come.

Last year they still came, a steady stream of them out from the enslaved land, to the free communities beyond.

Obscure and unknown men and women, under feigned names and strange disguises, crept out of tankers and stokeholes at little ports in West Africa and California and Syria and down the dented coast of Scotland. They were not all unknown.

Two Ministers of State slipped out from Prague under Heyderich's nose.

Feierabend came, the shrewd and keen Minister of Agriculture. He came through Jugoslavia, and there the chase grew so hot that he found it necessary to vanish into a remote mountain district, where loyal Serbian friends concealed him.

Not a Quisling

His colleague Nečas came, the Republic's last Minister of Public Welfare, whom the Germans had taken for a Quisling and put in charge of the National Bureau for the fixing and control of market prices.

Lieutenant-General Viest came, who had marched across Siberia in the last war with that legion of Czech Volunteers who fought their way to the Western Front to go on fighting. He had commanded the army in Slovakia when the storm broke.

Is it a two-way traffic? Do people go in as well as come out of Czechslovakia? I wouldn't know.

But there is a terrific Czechoslovak war effort working with the United Nations.

A FOOL'S MISTAKE

DID they really think, these Germans, these Italians and Japs that we'd go down before their might? Or did they think, perhaps, that the World would sag beneath their weight, that Empires like cards would fall until their conquering heels would crush each one in turn—then All?

DID they really think, these Germans, that we wouldn't stand and fight, that we'd let their Holocaust of Wrong o'erwhelm all People's Right? That we'd let them kill our children and no grim vengeance take? Surely no Nation in the World could make such a Fool's Mistake.

DID they really think that we should be duped by their fiendish bluff? Did they think that the Worst that they could give would make us cry Enough? Did they really think that Hate and Force, giant powers though they be, would ever conquer the common folk, the folk like you and me?

DID they really think that they could all God's Mighty Works o'erthrow? Did they really think we'd stand for that? Did they so little know that when the British Lion in Peace and Plenty seems to drowse, that is the Mortal Hour for any Foe who dares arouse the British from their Purpose, which is the People's Freeborn Right? Oh! Vain Eagle doomed to perish who waits the Lion's Corpse to bite.

J. M.

Miracle Scheme

When they reach England they go into grim training for their hour of revenge.

There is a world-wide organisation of Czechs co-operating for the common aim, and for the second Resurrection of their country.

In the homeland they are raising snails for food and scraping the gutters so as not to have to go to Germany; and hundreds of young people have been shot and all the Universities and Colleges are closed. Peasants have been impressed to build roads on the Eastern front, and their holdings distributed among the German Colonists.

But General Ingr commands a Czech field force in Britain.

An army is fighting in Libya.

And they are all one army, the army of the Czech People.

They have tasted disaster and defeat and they are not discouraged.

Thousands who flocked to fight for Poland when the war began were overwhelmed when Poland went down. For a while they held together, almost long enough, for they were only thirty miles from safety and from Rumania, where loyal Czechs had a motor convoy ready to transport them over the Black sea to the Western Front.

But an enemy flying column cut them off. They scattered and most of them found their way into Russia and there they are reorganised and fighting on.

Sailed to Freedom

But they did not all go to Poland.

In France there were twenty thousand Czech fighting men when France fell. Through the ruins of a nation they marched together as once their fathers marched at the height of the Russian Revolution and a lucky remnant reached the sea and were convcyed towards Britain.

At sea they met a shipload of fugitive fellow countrymen, diplomats, technicians, and publicists promised safe passage to Britain but shanghaied on the coast of North Africa by a Vichy sea captain, who may or may not have been in German pay.

Then the whole company sailed together to Britain and to freedom.

The tempest swept over Czechoslovakia and drove out her sons and daughters like seed that the sower scatters in the Spring. And some fell on stony ground. And some the enemy devoured.

But others have driven the roots of Czechoslovakia deep in many places where they cannot be uprooted. And their grand work goes on.

BRINGING THE SEASIDE TO OUR DOORSTEPS

FEW of us will be able to go to the seaside this summer.

So what's wrong with bringing the seaside to us?

The concert parties, the pierrots, the booths and sideshows, the deck-chairs, the donkeys, everything easily transportable that contributes to the joys of a summer holiday—they no longer belong to the nine-tenths empty seaside resorts.

They belong to the parks and open spaces of the towns where troops and war workers are to be found.

The Government has said as much in appealing to local authorities to "arrange inland holidays wherever possible."

But that is little more than a pious hope. What is wanted is something more in the nature of a firm demand.

A few enlightened cities and towns, however, are not waiting to be told by Whitehall what to do.

London's Plan

London has arranged to spend £7,300 on providing open-air dancing, concerts and theatrical shows in the coming season.

The L.C.C.'s aim is to make London 1942's premier holiday resort.

The Yorkshire town of Pudsey brought the seaside to its park last summer, and has the best claim to be pioneer city of the "seaside on your doorstep" idea.

Donkeys hired from the nearest seaside resort, granted the hospitality of Councillor Davey's lawn, disdained the grass and ate up the garden.

But, this year, Councillor Davey was the first to say that the donkeys, having paid for themselves and given the children a right down good time, should again take their place in the summer programme.

Huddersfield is another pioneer.

It had an excellent idea—that Yorkshire towns should entertain the people of Lancashire, and Lancashire should do the same for Yorkshire folk.

Not Wasted

It has fallen through, unfortunately.

But as the reason given for the failure of the plan is that "a lot of towns intend to act on their own instead of with neighbouring cities," the conference was not entirely wasted.

JOHN BULL inquiries show that there are to be seaside-type entertainments this summer both at Glasgow and Edinburgh.

Richmond and Wimbledon, too, will have indoor seaside shows.

Twickenham intends to run a whole series of concert parties in its parks.

A number of riverside towns in different parts of the kingdom are planning similar schemes.

But more could be done.

It is known that certain well-known troupes of pierrots based on resorts where little "business" can be expected this summer are anxious to get engagements from inland towns.

All the better-known pierrot troupes used to accept provincial bookings before the cinemas came.

Packed Halls

Catlin's, of Scarborough, used to take the biggest halls in different Midland cities for a fortnight at a time and pack them to the doors every night.

It could be done to-day—not necessarily indoors, for the cinema is still a lusty competitor, but out amid the flowers and soft lawns of a park, with the sun for stage-lights, and a blessed summer breeze bringing health and fitness with it.

Here is something to press on your local councils.

They won't pay you anything for the idea—but the whole community will draw dividends in good health.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

THERE was the click of a letter-box at 28, Woodcote Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

Mr. H. Williams, old soldier who served in the Great War and Boer War, picked up from the mat a letter from his son.

He had heard nothing about the boy, Gunner Sidney Williams, since Crete—nothing but the official notification: "Missing."

And here, in his own handwriting, from a German prison camp, was a letter giving him twelve months' news. It said:

Greece was my first real experience of war, and, believe it or not, I enjoyed every minute.

We crossed to Crete on a destroyer continually attacked by German aircraft. Three friends and myself went into the gun-turrets and gave the sailors a hand in fighting the Germans.

I was unable to get away from Crete. For a month I was in a prison camp, and then I and two friends just walked out.

A German asked us why we were out without a guard. We said: "Our guard is in that barber's shop." And while he went to investigate we walked away.

A Greek lady gave us civilian clothes. One day, while we were drinking in a café, a German sat dead opposite us.

We told him it was very hot—in Greek! He ordered a drink for me. We drank up and left.

I roamed about the mountains for three months. What I did in that time would make a book.

But as I was passing through a village a German asked me to do something for him. Realising I was not Greek, he took me to headquarters.

And here I am—a prisoner again!

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story, we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

TELL THE WORKERS

May that letter give courage to others who wait and hope!

Miss B. Brierley, of 67, Cowlishaw Lane, Shaw, near Oldham, sends us the last letter received from her brother, Gunner F. Brierley, missing since Malaya.

If you think there is some special magic about Jap soldiers, read it:

The Jap may be doing very well at the moment, but our lads are better as far as guts are concerned, and if we had had equality in the air, a very different story would have been told.

But it's the same old story: no 'planes.

Yet we are not downhearted. Somebody has made a darned big mess, but with the backing of Churchill and Wavell and the necessary aircraft, we shall rectify it. The Japs are taking full advantage of our shortage of aircraft, so go along and tell the workers at —— and —— (mentioning two aircraft factories) to do their damnedest for us.—Jim.

HURRIED DESCENT!

Meanwhile, here is a story of despatch-riding out in East Africa, described to his mother at Thurnscoe, Rotherham, by Sig. Alan Eyre (2360493):

To this place of scorpions and tarantula spiders I had to make my way through sand-ruts over 2 ft. deep. It was quite usual to see abandoned cars beside the road.

At Garrissa I rode over a road so rough and dusty that, due to the cloud of dust round me, I rode right into the back of a convoy.

But my roughest journey was through a lava belt. It took me a day and a half to ride 100 miles across rock, during which time one inner tube split into two halves.

One of our lads tried to climb a 250-ft. high wireless mast, and was near the top when two scavenger birds with a wing-span of 4½ ft. started to attack him. He came down in a terrific hurry.

We took turns at potting at them, and I blew one's head right off.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

CERTAIN workers refuse to work overtime, stating that, with income-tax at its present figure, it means "working for the Government." Time we had an educational system that teaches that the Government is yourself.—A. Clarence, Humberstone, Leicester.

★ ★ ★

Police should watch the fortune-tellers. One family is worrying because, when home on embarkation leave, a soldier member of the family was told by such a charlatan: "You will be torpedoed."—R F. Waddon, North Petherton, near Bridgwater.

★ ★ ★

I dialled "O" to ring a Royal Ordnance factory, the number of which is kept secret. I was put through. Said a voice: "This is —— speaking," giving the name of the factory, the name of the exchange, and the number.—B. L., Leicester.

★ ★ ★

If the biggest incomes can be taxed up to 19s. in the £, and there are people who can still run racing stables as a hobby, somebody is earning a colossal amount of money.—Fred French, Duston, Northants.

★ ★ ★

Seeing shop window display of brilliantly painted garden tools made me wonder: Why waste labour and paint on articles not fully efficient till the paint has worn off?—C. A., Sheffield.

STEAD
RAZOR BLADES
IN THE WEEKLY WALLET
THE BLADES LAST LONGER
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Makers also of
STEAD SILVER STEEL RAZOR BLADES

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It is a remarkable fact that the entire medical profession regards 'Milk of Magnesia' as the ideal remedy for acid stomach. Doctors know that 'Milk of Magnesia' is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the system and its alkalizing effect is instantaneous. Acidity, wind, heartburn, nausea and indigestion vanish in a marvellous manner on taking 'Milk of Magnesia.' The stomach is soothed and strengthened and digestion is able to proceed in comfort. That sick, sour feeling and headache—'Milk of Magnesia' dispels like magic. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' and try it to-day; you'll be delighted. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity) *Including Purchase Tax.* Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tab'ets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3, and 3/11½. *(Including Pur. Tax).* Obtainable everywhere.

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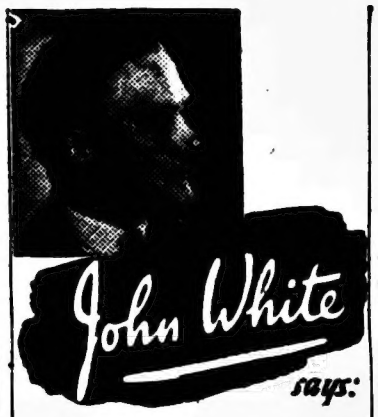
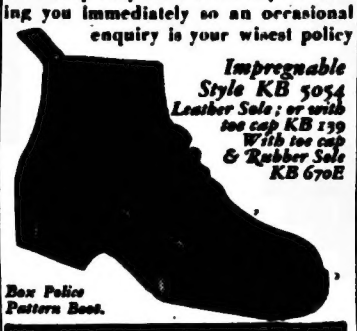


In order that wearers of my famous *Impregnable* and *Temeraire* Footwear continue to obtain the utmost value for their money—now more necessary than ever under Clothes Rationing—distribution is being spread as evenly as possible over the country. Your local shoe shop may have difficulty in serving you immediately so an occasional enquiry is your wisest policy



Impregnable Style KB 5054 Leather Sole; or with toe cap KB 139 With toe cap & Rubber Sole KB 670E

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Impregnable

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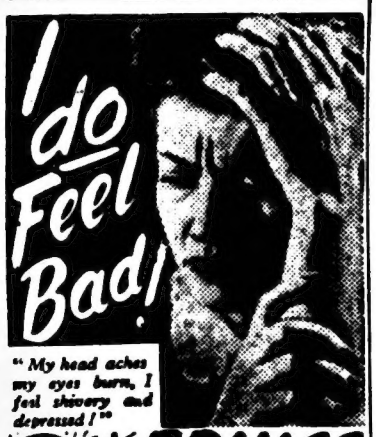

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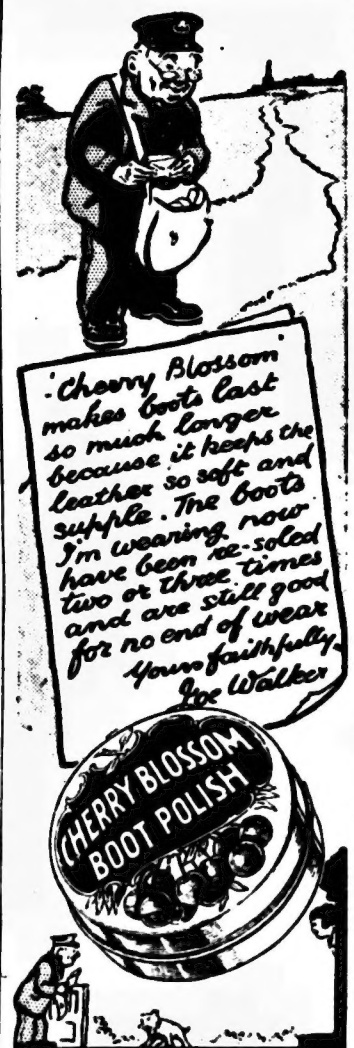
Cherry Blossom makes boots last so much longer because it keeps the leather so soft and supple. The boots I'm wearing now have been re-soled two or three times and are still good for no end of wear
Yours faithfully,
Joe Walker
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

C9/WC

THE LAST LAUGH

S. N. (Leighton Buzzard).—"Some women sing when facing danger." And some face danger when they sing.

W. J. (Hurstpierpont).—"After all what can a man do if he is writing an important article and his ink runs out?" Run out for some more.

P. P. (Castleford).—"She has told me that she won't marry me for the present." Then why not give her another one?

Mrs. W. (Workington).—"It's never too late for a man to mend." Nor for a woman to keep an appointment.

D. U. (Staines).—"I remember on one occasion dining very well and then something happened that sobered me immediately." The waiter brought the bill?

A. W. (Dalston).—"One slip often lands a man in the dock." Especially if he doesn't notice the policeman watching him hand it to the bookmaker.

Mrs. S. (Sheringham).—"Although I am an enthusiastic pianist, I never put my music before my little children." Could they play it if you did?

R. N. (Sussex).—"When the water pipes in the local income tax office burst the other evening, I crawled through the window and rescued hundreds of demand forms from the rising flood." We can only suppose that in the excitement of the moment you thought you were doing the right thing.

Miss M. (London, S.W.).—"If a girl is really desperate for face powder, she should try some carefully sifted ground rice." Or a charming sun tan effect can be obtained by using a little of the new national flour.

T. O. (Saxmundham).—"Years ago, when employed at a brewery, I fell into a huge vat of beer and was lifted out by some of my fellow-workers." Couldn't you have dodged them by submerging?

B. S. (Chepstow).—"The vast majority of Russian soldiers have never been out of their own country." What worries Hitler is that they may get restless this Spring.

Spinster (Wallingford).—"What I really want to ask you is whether you will take a wrinkle or two from me?" Sorry, but we are not a beauty specialist.

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER VISITS THE AMERICANS IN NORTHERN IRELAND

One of those moments when Minnesota seems a heck of a long way off

Side-Slips

Bolton Evening News:—"Most of the women are French-Canadians, and half of them are WOMEN."

The Daily Express:—"Refusal to obey these orders may be PUBLISHED by ten-years' penal servitude or a fine of £500, or both."

The Isle of Wight County Press:—"The salaries of school caretakers have been increased by a 5 per cent. cost of DIVING bonus."

The South Wales Echo (Cardiff):—"He also plugged a TWO-DAY adaptor into a light point . . ."

Birmingham Evening Despatch:—"Two cashiers at the desk of the ——— were counting the money ready for BEGGING . . ."

THE GREATEST OF THESE

● "I am an ex-Serviceman from the Great War; and was discharged from this war in 1940, after seven months' active service in France," writes Edwin Herd.

Since then he has only been well enough to work for a few months, being continually under medical treatment from November, 1941, to March, 1942. He has no pension.

With a wife and family of five children under six to support on unemployment pay, this man's position is desperate.

He most earnestly wishes to become self-supporting again, but is unable to follow his trade through neuritis in the arm and arthritis in the shoulder. But with a little cash in hand he could handle a line of business in which he has had experience and which would not be beyond his strength.

Any help our readers can send for this man, who has twice served his country, should be earmarked "Printer" and sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and we are just as grateful to those readers who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. There are no deductions for administration expenses.

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Example: Winning Spirit
Bullet: Thrilling, Till Drilling Killing.

£10: F. Bruford, 47, Dori Road, Roath, Cardiff.
Example: Taking The Offensive
Bullet: Raiding France, "Raising" France.

£5: F. T. Bobbett, "Hillrods," Higher Brimley, Teignmouth.
No Time—For Hair-splitting, Go Baldheaded!

£4: J. Priestley, 1, St. George's Avenue, Sewerby, Mexborough.
Winning Spirit—Impetus, Unless Too Impetuous.

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In India—Japs Wouldn't Make Proposals

£2: F. Hornby, 24, Elm Street, Ellesmere Port.
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Use this Special Kidney Remedy if Sluggish Kidney Action causes Backache Lumbago Rheumatic Pain Urinary Disorder

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"Every Picture tells a Story"

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They will stimulate the kidney filters, enabling them to rid the system of poisonous impurities which have caused your distress.

Worrying won't help you, but Doan's Pills can. Why not take them, now?

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£100 FIRST PRIZE and £25 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

For result of Xword No. 270, see page 14: to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering a letter in every column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
1 VERY USEFUL IN SUPPLYING US WITH FOOD	SH PS			
2 CUSTOMER'S RISING ONE FOR SERVICE WILL ANNOY WAITRESS	ELL			
3 IT'S UNFAIR THAT IDLE, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING SHOULD SUCCEED	FAT EER			
4 DAD ONE WILL PAY SHOPKEEPER	G IN			
5 ROOTS CAN EASILY BE INJURED BY ONE IN GARDEN	GOS G			
6 IT'S THE JOB OF STREET CORNER POLITICIANS TO DO THIS	S OUT			
7 AN ARMY'S ADVANCE IS AFTER THIS BY TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER OF FOE	MAR ED			
8 IT'S BAD FOR AN ARTIST TO BE RULED ENTIRELY BY	HE D			
9 DISAPPOINTED HOP-PICKERS MAY QUARREL IF THEY'VE THIS TO PICK	ONE			
10 FRESH BREEZE WILL PROBABLY BE THIS TO SEA-SIDE	GAL			
11 THIS IN ROOM MAY GIVE IT A STALE SMELL	F G			
12 WHATEVER GOALS THEY PLAY SOME ACTORS ARE VERY KEEN THIS	ALI EE			
13 WE ALL KNOW HE'S ANYTHING BUT A FIGHTER	OR			
14 SOME FIND PLEASURE IN GOING OVER ROUGH AND DIFFICULT ONE	PAS			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value ..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, MAY 4

Signed .....

Address .....

374

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crops /& Co./; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated May 23, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 for 'BULLETS'

FIRST PRIZE - £50 CASH

Others-£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 36/ 34/ 32/ 30/ 20 of 10/- 50 of 2/6 etc. 1000 MERIT AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE WIRE—FRIDAY, MAY 15

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES" TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,318 appears on page 14

MAN'S DESTINY
FOR PEACE
OUR SALVATION
FOOLS
HOME ON LEAVE
MEANS NOTHING
CONQUERING HERO
FEARLESSLY
AUNTIE'S HOROSCOPE
IN THE QUEUE
SADLY MISSED
OLD DUSTER
ARMED WITH A SMILE

EVERY PENNY COUNTS, SO
THING THAT'S FORGOTTEN
NOW BRITAIN'S STRONG
THE DAY'S AT HAND WHEN
OUGHT TO BE HELPING
MUSIC HATH CHARMS, BUT

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

GIRL WITH A.....
FREE TO.....
WHY HE'S GETTING.....
'EYE-OPENER FOR.....
UPSET THE.....
TO MAKE US.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... Signed.....

No..... Address .....

Closing Postmark 1,322 Mon., May 4

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,322—or Xword No. 274, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Make MARS last longer..

Every Mars Bar is so richly satisfying in flavour and goodness that — now they are rationed — you'll want to make the most of every one. So cut that chewy, chunky bar into slices and s-l-r-e-t-c-h your enjoyment of it, piece by toothsome piece.

2½D

Mars GRAND FOOD - GRAND FLAVOUR!

HARPIC cleans the lavatory easily

1 SPRINKLE IN HARPIC AND LEAVE AS LONG AS POSSIBLE

Its thorough cleansing action reaches right into the S-bend at the back.

2 THEN FLUSH — THE BOWL GLEAMS WHITE

Harpic removes all discoloration. The lavatory is clean and sanitary — the part you don't see as well.

★ ★ ★

Nothing equals Harpic. Harpic is a boon for the housewife at the present time. It cleans the pan thoroughly, disinfects and deodorizes too. Just sprinkle in and *leave*. Last thing at night is a good time to use Harpic. Get some today!

British Gold

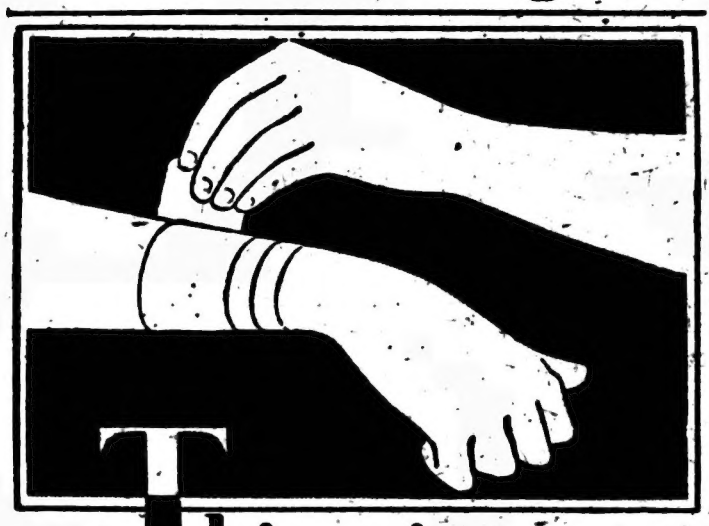
SMOKING MIXTURE

A mild and exceedingly fragrant mixture, blended from specially picked fine old matured leaf.

Recommended with all confidence for the occasion which demands a more than usually choice and mellow tobacco.

—for Sundays

PER 2½ OZ.



This ointment *fights for you*

It is to destroy the germs of skin infections that Dettol Ointment has been made. This ointment is active. It kills germs. It contains the germicidal principle of 'Dettol' — the antiseptic upon which surgeons and doctors hourly rely in our great hospitals and operating theatres.

Here, then, is an ointment which fights for you. It not only calms the irritation but, because it is actively germicidal, destroys the germs of septic infection. From the moment you apply it, and whenever you renew it, this ointment works to keep you free from re-infection while the process of clean, safe healing goes steadily on.

Dettol Ointment is recommended specially for the treatment of:— BOILS, WHITLOWS, CARBUNCLES, IMPETIGO, SYCOSIS (Barber's Rash), HERPES (Cold Sores), SEPTIC ECZEMA. In cases of obstinate VARICOSE ULCER (Bad Leg), success has been remarkable. From your chemist 4/5 includes tax.

DETTOL Brand **OINTMENT**

HEALING AND ACTIVELY ANTISEPTIC

17 times more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times; if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure 'LIVE' Yeast.*

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B, than ½-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals; you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE & VITALITY to all.

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"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

All Chemists . . . . 1/3, 3/4½, 5/7½ (including Purchase Tax) Tablets

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Phillips TONIC YEAST is *LIFE ITSELF!*

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The patriotic way to buy your Gibbs Dentifrice is in its new battledress refill. This saves the country's metal. Give your teeth a shine with Gibbs in refill form. Popular Size 7d, including tax.

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R. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.1

GD 2332

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Before minor injuries become serious dangers, Lion Ointment brings inflammation out; prevents it spreading; forms healthy skin in a few days. Safe and sure for Cuts, Burns, Septic Wounds, Boils, Impetigo, Eczema.

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